

CAVALCADE

SEPT 1st



WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOURS?

—PAGE 20

CAVERN OF *Death*

—PAGE 24



STAMINA
CLOTHES
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Crusader Cloth

Cavalcade

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MEMORY made the

MOOSE



A ticket collector remembered two prospectors, and that was the first of a remarkable chain of chance evidence.

BERNARD HESLING

If there is one country in the world where there is room enough to commit murder without being overlooked this is it. Let the prospective murderer take the shortest to almost any place thirty miles outside a capital city, walk him or her into the bush a few minutes from the station, do the deed and catch the next train back to town. I would have said it was as easy as that, and fifty years ago even easier. How wrong I am is shown in the Alice Morrison murders, as the case came to be called, in 1896.

The affair started when a Mr Robert Lockhart of Manly reported to the police that a friend of his who had gone on a gold mining expedition had

been absent nearly a month, and had not written to any one he was living. Mr. Lockhart told the police his friend, Captain Lee Walker, was a retired amateur marksman who, having recently lost his wife, had been staying with them at Manly. The captain, according to his friend, had been in a very nervous state of mind and perhaps because of this he was also developing rather more than a taste for liquor. He had always been an active man and a life of idleness did not suit him. In fact, he was beginning to look about for something in which to interest himself when he had seen an advertisement in the paper.

"Experienced miners wanted as

trials to visit Gresham District
Prosecutor, Equalizer Gold
HERALD."

Chief Waller had scrawled the advertisement, seen the advertiser, from whom he learned that expenses were not really necessary and decided to go. Mr. Luckham had not liked the idea. He could not see his friend as a prosecutor and said so. Furthermore, he did not like the sound of the advertiser, a man named Frank Butler. Before leaving Manly, however, Waller had promised to drop the Luckhams a line to let them know how he was making out.

It occurs to me here to wonder what would happen nowadays should anyone report to the police that a friend who had promised to write had not written and what about it? But apparently in 1934 promises to write were treated seriously. When people said they would write they wrote. If they omitted to do so then at last as not the police came poking after them to see if they were still in a position to write—at least that is what happened in the case of Les Waller. The police having collected a photograph of the captain from the top of the Luckhams' piece in Manly took a ferry to town and straightway went to the Metropolitan Hotel on Pitt Street where Les Waller had assumed to call for Frank Butler on the day he had left the Luckhams' some weeks before. The hotel landlady, a Miss O'Connell, remembered the occasion quite well. Butler had been staying at the hotel for some weeks and early on the morning of October 25th a stranger with luggage had called for him. They had breakfasted together and had left, presumably for the railway. Shown the photograph, Mrs. O'Connell and various other people identified Waller as Butler's companion.

At the Central Railway Station the police again made enquiries. In fact they made enquiries and showed their photograph all along the line to the Rice Mountains and beyond, and what

surprised me is just how many people had seen Butler and Les Waller and how often. The poor murderer hadn't a chance. First a railway employee had travelled in the same compartment with them in the 1915 western train. Butler and Waller had left the train at Glenbrook and it was extremely unlikely that the witness should see the pair again. Nevertheless, two days later, when returning from Katoomba to Sydney he had glanced out of the window at Reno Plains and there was Butler waiting for the train.

But to go back a bit. When Butler and Les Waller arrived at Glenbrook you would have thought that after handing in their tickets they would have disappeared into the bush; the ticket collector wouldn't remember them. Why should he? If you think differently try asking a ticket collector if he remembers seeing a certain person arrive by a certain train a month ago! The man at Glenbrook did remember the two men. He described them minutely and also the direction they had taken, while to round things off he remembered seeing Butler by himself a little later on the same day, and on the same evening both Butler and Waller carrying what looked like a folded tent.

A Miller called Coxon, who saw them leave the train, and the following evening he had seen the man the police recognized as Butler at the bush near Glenbrook. Seeing being spontaneous with speaking, in the bush, Coxon was able to report a conversation he had had with Butler. Butler had said that a third person had nearly washed him out and asked whether there was an empty house in the district where he could camp for a day or two. He added that his mate had been on the beer and at the moment was sick in camp. Next day Coxon saw Butler at Reno Plains show three witnesses get about.

A dealer called Symon also saw the pair. This was in the afternoon of

October 25th. They were then collecting a tent. He saw them again at 7 a.m. the following morning and passed the time of day. Both men he said were up and about and Waller, when he identified from the photograph, was neither sick nor drunk.

In crawling about, Frank Butler was no better at Reno Plains where even the proverbial trap had cropped up about him for the price of a pig and made a mental note of his appearance. Butler tried to turn this meeting to his advantage by giving him some of Waller's possessions. He even drew a map to show tramp Farrell whereabouts in the bush near Glenbrook he would find a tent, clothes, and various articles of use. Farrell set off immediately and found everything exactly as Butler had said. In fact he was wearing one of Waller's shirts when the police caught up with him.

Police are often asked to tramp and Farrell had no proof that the articles had been given to him by Butler. Butler's map, drawn on a piece of paper no bigger than a trans-

lucent, he had thrown in the open bush as the result of a lack of care. Luckily for Farrell the police found it. All they had to do now was to find Butler and of course, Waller.

It was James Wood who found Waller's body. A resident of the district for seventeen years, knowing just what the countryside should look like he offered his services to the police and went to work. Wherever he found a place which looked as if a tree might have been moved a little or where one of the trees was bent back, or where the ground was uneven (and what ground in the bush isn't?) he dug and after thirteen days he found Waller.

Meanwhile Butler had set out for Australia under the name of Les Waller. NSW Police were spending him when he stopped off the ship at San Francisco. Before his execution he confessed to the murder and spoke vaguely of others. He went to the scaffold an unhappy man. There is not even a record of his having eaten the customary hearty breakfast.



S. B. STEPHENS

There are some fighters who know all the dirty dodges, only they won't use them all, not all the time.



TRICKS of the fighter's trade

BILL DELANY

ON the night of May 23, 1948, Kelly Brown, Australian boxing champion, threw a four-inch right that set his American opponent, Cecil Schoonesier, limp on his boxing trunks.

"Don't worry," coaxed my next-door neighbor, "He's feeling. These Yanks are so easy as a wisp of air or even monkey Schoonesier will get up."

He was right on all events but those. I wasn't worrying, the Negro wasn't feeling, he didn't get up. His paralytic sentence, however, had a good deal to recommend it. Even in defeat, Schoonesier proved he was a quick thinker.

"When I was down," he said, "I thought the bell was ringing for the

end of the round. I did not know the bell was ringing the count."

His words recall an example of guile seen displayed by an American fight seer named Spud Kelly. Kelly, it seems, had a boxer, Al Neil, matched against Young Peter Jackson at San Francisco. Now, the stadium at which they fought possessed a dock which in the smoky atmosphere impossible from being noticed, was barely visible at a few yards distance—a factor of which Kelly was quick to take advantage.

For, with Neil staggering round the ring badly pained by Jackson, Kelly ran from his seat and belted:

"The clock! Look at the clock! The damned thing's stopped."

It worked. Everyone in the ring

except Neil, who had now adopted the pose of a man looking for a dropped coffee stain, stood stockstill and turned their eyes clockwise.

"Someone not the thing going?" yelled Kelly, and in the confusion tattered the ring and removed his boxer to the corner. Two full minutes later, his boxer was recovered. The clock had been ticking away the seconds without cease, and Neil returned to the battle with his youthful vigor restored.

It is a sad sidelight on boxing ring tactics, nevertheless, that all such schemes do not invariably succeed. I refer you now to the untimely case of one Ern Waddy, an Australian heavy-weight whose habit it was during a bout to engage in repartee planned to get his opponent's goat.

Joe Walls, this country's best-known referee, recalls how, while fighting Shepherd, Waddy continued a running commentary the theme of which was that his opponent's boxing skill was not all it might be.

"Shepherd was wild and fighting without caution," says Walls, "and as a result was getting a pasting. Round after round, the sides continued. Then, Waddy said something I couldn't catch but which brought immediate reaction. Shepherd, mad as a hornet, unhooked a left, looping right-and it caught Waddy on the chin."

"It was some time before Waddy recovered. His first words were: 'Well, I talked myself into it, and talked myself out.'"

Those who know Les Darcy best say that he was a man without hatred, who often played fairly with an opponent whom he obviously outclassed. He fought, they say, but one bout with truly vicious intent: the one against Buck Crooze, an American.

Before the fight, Crooze—knowing that Darcy had a great love of family—approached the Australian and pointed out that a good showing would add greatly to his reputation; that he

was of the same faith as Darcy said, like Darcy, had family responsibilities. Would Darcy, therefore, treat him lightly?

Darcy did—until half-way through the first round, Crooze let go a punch that, connecting, must surely have knocked out the Australian cold. The fight ended in the next round, in a manner that caused Crooze to say: "At the 12 stone limit, I will stake my all on Les against any man in the world."

The strategy used by Crooze was not new. Round about the turn of the century, Joe Walcott, the world's welterweight champion, received a similar request from another Negro named Ward. Ward's plan to be allowed to stay the distance was that his old father was to be present at the fight and, and Ward, "Ah don't want do old man to see me squandered."

The soft-hearted Walcott carried Ward along for eight rounds, in any of which he might easily have put his opponent away. Suddenly, Ward put all his weight behind a punch that caught Walcott fair on the chin. The champion staggered and slumped to the floor.

Coming up for the ninth, Walcott extended his hand and shook Ward's glove.

"Yes is making a mistake. Dis sh'ld be last round," said Ward.

"Is sh'ld be," replied Walcott, and heeled a left to the other's chin. Ward was unconscious for 15 minutes.

Years later, Sam Langford made the identical reply to Jeff Clarke who had the round before taken liberties with the ever-giving Negro. And Langford's prediction also came true.

One of the less noble ring tricks is to convince an opponent that you are out of condition. Charlie Mitchell used the trick on Sullivan, saying that he had malaria and might not be able to fight. And on the scheduled date, Sullivan was so drunk that in spite of Turkish Bath and massage, the fight was called off.

NO, SIR! FIGURES NEVER LIE!

He who lives on a perpetual
drip,
His life-expectancy statistically
slender,
While he who from red wine
Has been a drinker,
Is killed by a car, driven by
the drinker.
So it seems, while talking
about such
Statistics don't help you very
much.

KAY GRANT

death to Mitchell's disgust. The crowd booed and cursed, but Sullivan still collected his share of the gate.

Sullivan in his remarks stated simply:

"I did not meet Mitchell because I was incapacitated through sickness, caused by my own fight."

It was bad luck for Mitchell.

In the annals of boxing, the name Kid McCoy makes hardly. When Bob Fitzsimmons outwore the middleweight class, the Kid was with Tommy Ryan and Jack O'Brien, one of the three leading contenders for the vacant throne. But great fighter as McCoy was, he will be remembered best by posterity as perhaps the dearest—and most amusing—booby ever to enter a ring. It was McCoy who introduced the trick of delaying his entry into the ring until his opponent's nerves were torn to shreds.

It happened in 1903, and his opponent was the Irishman Peter Maher. The day was bitterly cold, and for a full half-hour Maher sat shivering in his corner awaiting McCoy; and when the Kid did arrive, the Irishman was frozen stiff.

Worse, as they met at ring-center,

McCoy smiled merrily and said: "You big stiff—I see in the newspapers your wife is sick. When I get through with you, you'll need a doctor yourself."

Like comical puss, the Irishman was at every remark for Kid.

There was no bit of sloughing that McCoy would not deem to use in sport an opponent. He was the first man to realize that pure alcohol, when applied to hand bandages, hardened the tape when it dried out, thus in effect muzzling the hand in plaster; the first man "accidentally" to drop his gloves in the rear box, so that he was able to cut his opponent's face to ribbons; the first man to step suddenly in the ring, glance at his opponent's shoes and ask why the latter had used push shoe laces. Inevitably, the other man would drop his guard and look at his shoes, thereby leaving himself open for the punch that lavishly came.

On his own admission, McCoy once beat Joe Cheynish with a deliberately thrown foot punch. Badly hurt by Cheynish's right, he waited until the pong that ended the round sounded and in a split second threw a punch at Joe's unprotected chin. He had rightly reasoned that with the correct timing, the referee would be unable to decide whether the blow had been landed before or after the pong.

Although Cheynish came up for the next round, he was an already beaten boxer.

Nature made McCoy look as though he could effectively be used by the medical profession as an authentic example of a man suffering with chronic arthritis—and the Kid was not slow to exploit the fact.

It was his queer habit before a match to improve on Nature by rubbing his face with talcum, thus to give his opponent the impression that one efficiently-placed punch would land him—the opponent—in a corner's court.

On April 13, 1903, McCoy fought Jack

Wilkes at New York. As the men stood in the centre of the ring, Wilkes stated that if he had known he had been matched to meet a fellow so obviously at the green's bench, he would have called the fight off.

Waddy McCoy replied that he would be able to carry on. At the ring, he bounced from his corner and hit Wilkes at will, and the fight ended in the second round.

To the observant eye of a manager, it often becomes obvious that a fighter is suffering from a depression induced by the probable outcome of a match. It then becomes the manager's task to build up his boy's confidence. Thus it was with Jim Jeffries on the eve of his fight with Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight championship of the world.

His manager, William Brady, turned the trick neatly:

"When I arranged the match," he told Jeffries, "I told Fitz that you had no hope of winning. I told him that you wouldn't train and were only on the look-out for any money. You know that you're as fit as bricks can make you, and I think you can knock Fitz out."

The moody Jeffries remained silent. Brady went on:

"This afternoon, at the weigh-in, I want you to be asked on the couch in your dressing room. I'll be bringing Fitz in to see you. Now..."

The wily Brady told Jeffries his plan.

Before the weigh-in, Brady started an argument with Fitz's manager on the subject of a "clean break" (hearing the ruled voices in the challenger's dressing room, Fitz entered—and saw the huge body of Jeffries reclined on the couch. Instead of a fishy fighter, he saw a man in perfect condition.)

Moore, the challenger rose from his couch, and said:

"Let's settle this argument now."

The way I see a clean break is this!" and he started to push Fitz around in his indignation of a clean break. Surprisingly, he found that he was able to push the match-fighter champion around at will.

Brady's plan had come off. Not only had Jeffries morale been heightened, but Fitzsimmons, for the first time, had seen the man, stripped, against whom he had set his life. As Jeffries said: "Why, he's not as strong as Tom Sharkey, and I beat him. Now I'll beat Fitzsimmons."

And Fitzsimmons was beaten. He could have been beaten, not so much by Jeffries' performance that night, but by Brady's guile that afternoon.

And then the Sweet Science goes on. Many of the tricks used by the old-timers—such as reconstructing an opponent's head in the position where a good punch will make the night bonnet against a ring-push—can no longer be used.

But there's nothing in the rules that says a man can't be talked into losing his head—and the decision



NIGHTCLUBS aren't always fun



You'll need to be a better bartender than Clark Gable to make a success of the nightclub business—and that's not all.

IT IS six o'clock on a cool winter's morning. In a nearby park a Prince Gallant of a sun has banished the lips of the flowers until their eyes flutter in radiant volubility; the trees, like muskies, are throwing back their heads to shed the dew, and the birds are uttering a welcome to a new day.

And with that burst of unashamedly poetic, let me say right now that it is a hell of a time to be awake.

It is but five minutes since a cleaver stambled over a chair in the dark and woke me up. I was in the chair. I'd fallen into it two hours before when, with the last patron gone, I'd sat down to brood on the vanities of a nightclub owner.

The net result of my brooding was to decide that if anyone should ask my advice about starting a night-club

I would repeat the advice given by a crane to a young man contemplating marriage in one paragraph—
Don't.

Night clubs have been my business for 15 years, and I'd have been at it longer if they had let me begin in knee-pants. And at that, I'd been hearing the sounds of revelry by night since I was 14, when I learned my own hard and settled down to a steady diet of one-night stands. Five years later I opened a night club in Vancouver's Chinatown.

I called the place Sammy Lee's Oriental Gardens, which may account for the fact that many people thought I was Chinese. They still do, and I necessarily refuse, if am prepared to reel off a spot of polite English to save embarrassment.

That year, 1928, was a bad year for night clubs. So many of them went bust, in fact, that if the reports had been placed end to end they'd have sounded like an atom bomb blowing its top. If you'd owned a good, safe job with the local garbage collector, practically any night club owner would have traded his job for yours and thrown in five dollars to even the bargain. Musicians who a few years before had been playing with tip-carrying bands were borrowing hats to catch pennies on the sidewalk. Stars who'd been pushing house were carrying in wheelbarrows were carrying their life savings in fish pockets.

I mean, things were tough. So there's one fundamental in running a night club: you must be prepared to gamble your knowledge—and money—against getting the "bumbs down" side from the patrons.

Sammy Lee's Oriental Gardens became an island night club almost entirely surrounded by the watered stock of its rivals. Why? Because I'd learned that a club must be conducted for the benefit of the patron, not merely of the management.

I traveled and saw other clubs. Leon and Eddie had just started up in New York then, and it was odd they'd been at it a cost of 100 dollars. Ticker, it's still alive. It has a seating capacity of 350, and you'd have to put your fingers around 100,000 dollars if you wanted to buy it.

Leon and Eddie's had found another secret of the business: how to create, by personal contact, an atmosphere of intimacy among the customers. The owners are moving toward the patron, not merely if Mr. John Smith of New York, is entertaining cousin Helen from Little Rock he looks good and important when a night club owner treats him as though he's the most valued member of the place.

But when Mr. Smith and Helen have gone off in the dawn, it's a sick bet that Leon and Eddie fall into chairs and brood. Yes, a cost-free constitu-

tion is an inevitable an enemy to a night club owner as four legs are to a mousehole.

The site of New York's Zanzibar, one of the city's most popular clubs, had housed five nightspots in five years before Joe Howard and Carl Kike took it over, and featuring famous Negro artists, took it to the top. Within two years, the place had become too small and at the new Zanzibar any night, you will find 100 patrons.

Think of American night clubs, and you think of Sherman Billingsley. He operates the Stork Club, a country place where the Four Hundred gather to assist in the payment of Billingsley's stiff salaries: cheque of 10,000 dollars each week. If Billingsley believes in fairness you can be sure that he thinks the top with the diamond crown and biggest wand is Walter Winchell. The night club owner was introduced to Winchell by Thomas Guinan, seven years ago, and ever since Winchell's column has "plugged" the Stork Club like mad. Winchell has a special table at the club, and it is one of its major attractions.

There's no doubt that Winchell's friendship for Billingsley made the Stork the most popular night club in New York for awhile. Publicity—good publicity—brought the crowds to the Stork, and Billingsley backed it with service.

So—you'll need to be a better bartender than Clark Gable if you go into the night club business. Now you get the publicity in something you'll have to work out for yourself. In Chicago, there's a very successful club which features Billingsley's column. In fact, it's called the Fifty-not Inn, and it's operated by a Billy Rasm.

Smith had a small bar and was getting nowhere fast until one day in the depression years, he was showed by the police with having maintained a spot on tavern premises. The reason for the past being there was not re-

In England and America it is being predicted that the advent of television will greatly influence the style of architecture and furnishings of the average home. For one thing, window seat will have to be located in strategic place against the television screen, and if television screens are made larger some provision for indirect lighting will be necessary. Moreover, the family drawing room will take on the appearance of the small theatre with the addition of tables to hold plates, and there will be barman's plates and cutlery. Wasn't he the guest who dines and swallows suitably? Television screen is here taken care of the problem, how to keep your eye on the children after school. Provided you have a television set, please will someone be so kind to help. You may observe in the kitchen, when the mother's shoulders peer into your drawing room, smiling into floor and cushions in rapid contemplation of a couple of hours of adult television fare.

valued, but it is possible that its presence was dictated by the possibility of Nazis coming against starvation. In court, however, Sussat declared plaintively:

"I love goats, your honor. They are my friends. I treat them like my own kids, only better."

The plea was accepted, the case made the newspapers, and Billy Sussat was on the way up. He gave a goat-like beard, trained goats to run underly patrons from the bar, and even tried, during the war years, to buy bonds in their name so that they would enjoy social security in their old age.

It was thought by some that Sussat was as petty as a plover among muds, but although many restaurants, including *apart*, would hesitate to use goats for publicity purposes, the gag paid off. Today, Billy Sussat's cabinet is worth 100,000 dollars and this night he even more satisfying to the owner—he is able to treat his patrons as though they were almost his social equals. Immediately after the war, he started a sign reading: "The War is Over, And the Conscience is Always Right Again—Except Here."

He has maintained that motif in his approach to customers ever since. With his goats to support him should

his treatment be misunderstood, he is prone to confuse high-ranking army officers with the commissaire of a rival town and order him out, refuse entry to stumpy celebrities, like Mickey Rooney, on the score that they should be home in bed; treat stars like Sonja Henie as though they were waitresses applying for a job.

Publicity, you see, is where you find it.

Frankly, my own ventures have been based on the success of the Copeckens in New York, the secret of whose success is that it attracts a mixed patronage—seriously, business executives and part-time people trying to find themselves a good time. It costs 2000 dollars a week to operate the Copeckens, but for the patrons will dine easily, see a famous star like Jimmy Horne or Sophia Tucker, and enjoy the voice of the world's second most beautiful showgirl.

Which brings us to floor show. Ever try to produce a top-grade floor show for a night club? You'll need to know how to do it, for, unless you're prepared to employ a highly-paid showwoman, you'll spend much time biting your nails to the elbow, worrying about this end of the business. You'll

need a ballet mistress, of course, and your band leader will be a big help, but whether your floor show hits the pattern where it should depends a lot on yourself.

You will begin to build your next show as paper—as soon as this one has finished its last rehearsal. You will spend three days, from two till six in the evening, on rehearsals—and remember, you probably will not have been to bed the night before. And when that show's on its way, you'll start worrying about the next.

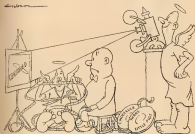
Still? My place needs 250 patroness, and I employ 60 boys and girls. You'll need a head-waiter and 15 waiters, a chef and a kitchen staff of 15, a doorman, a chadronn girl, office staff, the dance band and the orchestra—and unless you can secure a right-hand man who knows the business as well as yourself, you'll have to train them and keep them in training.

And knowing all this, if you're still

naïve to start a night club, ask yourself these questions: Have you enough tact to overcome the difficulties imposed by the inevitable character who believes the night hasn't passed until unless he throws some dinner plates? Can you talk more or less gracefully to your patrons while you're wondering where you're going to place Mr. and Mrs. South-South and party, who have decided to come into your club after the theatre—and the place already checkin'? Will you be able to hide your concern about the new waiter who, you hope, just this once, won't spill the soup over an eminent patron's head? Will you be sure never to forget to check on the group used on the stage, or whether the lady's come back and a hundred and one other details?

And finally, can you get by with a couple of hours sleep a day?

That, come to think of it, is about the hardest job of all in opening a night club.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 56

ghost towns past was gaudy

RAYMOND R. SIMMONDS



They had no drama, and almost was not even a drama, but they had all the drama of the West.

MRS HENRY WOOD made a notable contribution to the pockets of rocking theatrical companies when she wrote her celebrated play "East Lynne" where other plays might fail to make the box office, the ten-parker was guarantee of a howling success, and, at the turn of the century, citizens of town and city were red-eyed but ecstatic as Little Willie came and over again died his tragic death.

That is, all but the people of Mims—that then gossamer mining town west of Newcastle. When the house tried to reflect up the glass, as with Little Willie's pathetic death, things really happened.

It was a sizable audience that arrayed itself on wooden forms in the local hall on Main Street for the per-

formance of the epic play by a famous company. Certainly the best people had gathered for this long-anticipated cultural event. There was a constellation of miners, the business people were there in mass, the town's eleven publicans were present, and probably all the clergy of the seven churches Mims boasted in those days.

The performance was proving to be all they had hoped. Tears dropped silently and handkerchiefs were waved to tiny bells. Curse the drama, and Willie's last fateful words: "Goodbye, papa."

Sale of pity quickly turned to screams of rage, as with short sharp spasms of terror a longshore jet bounded into the hall followed by a pack of thirty bangle bands, then

woodcreeching howls sending the night and completely spoiling the drama.

Round and round the hall the assembly sped, overturning the benches as they went up on to the stage and back down among the audience of people, the sounds of crashing wood mingling with screaming and cursing and the laying of the bangle bands. Little Willie, his night shift flapper, was the first member of the cast to seek shelter lockings, dead and all as he was supposed to be.

The drama continued for best part of a quarter of an hour. By the time the dogs had caught their squealing prey, the hall was a shambles, and drama was the least of the damage suffered by the members of the audience.

Outside, highly pleased at the success of their prank, the town lads surveyed the wreckage. There were tears among the strayed audience who went to their graves wondering what eventually did happen in the play.

It is hard to believe nowadays that there was ever a main street in that old relic of a town that used to be Mims. Difficult to imagine that "East Lynne" would ever have an audience there, or even that traffic once flowed between the town, Newcastle and Wallend. Singing houses and decorated mine workings are a sad reminder of its former life. Of John Brown and his wife, of Bobbie Whitlow and his flaxseed wife, of the Thomas brothers, names famous in the mining world.

At its peak the population of Mims was about eleven thousand and it remained at that level for many years. The town, had it survived today, would have been a worthy competitor with Cornock for the title as to which town rubbed the most beer per head during the year, for the stream of beer wagons rolling down Main Street—many of them directing their ways towards the direction of the

"Bonnie Door" was never-ending.

One of its miners was James Brown, who, before he died in 1888 and left the controlling shares of his flourishing mining company to his son John—became one of the wealthiest men in Australia. A curious story is told of John Brown and Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian. Lauder and Brown became great friends, partly owing to their common interest in the breeding of rare fish, and the friendship might have been lasting had it not been for the death of Brown's housekeeper, a woman who had looked after him for thirty years. When news of the bereavement leaked over to Scotland Harry Lauder sent a message of sympathy, and on the back of the card neatly written, was the request, "If you can send along that batch of Chinese Spotted Bass eggs, I would be greatly obliged. Yours, Harry Lauder." The avaricious Brown tore down his treasured portrait of Lauder and there is no record that the Scotman ever got his eggs.

The main enjoyment in Mims on a Sunday, would be to spend in a large and beautiful orange orchard some distance from the town. With seats under the trees and with the admission fee of but one single loaf of bread the sector to as many oranges as he could eat, the place drew large crowds.

Another famous attraction was the Mims Railway, referred to locally as the "Rule of death." With an engine doing back to Greenock via vintages, and one carriage attached the train would rattle along the rails at an alarming speed for so it seemed as far as Mims was. Even the tickets, printed in startling colours, would scare the uninitiated. Etched on them, in bold red lettering, was the warning "AT THE PASSENGER'S OWN RISK."

In those days when lived in Mims in those days would have to be recommended now of Bobbie Whitlow? It is not likely. For Bobbie—Mims's heavyweight champion who was after

Frank Whittle, the Englishman who defied the preferences of his place, spent his months at the war in Boston, U.S.A., whilst the Americans brought out their two-engined jet plane in America under an assumed name, by was constantly consuming hotel domestic stuff by never leaving his name. It seemed that one particular writer was having his own particular coverage, concerning Whittle himself by terror at all odd hours of the day and night. Whittle saw daylight when he discovered the writer was a member of the FBI!

on training runs. The day came when Bobbie trotted down Main street with a companion, and since, after that, he was not quite so full of energy, it was presumed that his companion—who continued to accompany him—proved loyal to the cause.

Sport had its place in the life of the town. Bobbie Whitelaw was a champ, who, given an even break, would have made a world name for himself. Through membership in many games dented his footings and held him back, seldom in his fights did an opponent get a chance to recover after receiving one of his formidable blows. In the end it was age that stopped him, and even in his last days in the ring he fought brilliant fights, winning by sheer tenacity of purpose.

Les Darcy, who lived at Moulton, often sparred at Mores and many of the former residents of the town still relate tales of his kindness, unassuming manners and unbelievable skill.

The Back Creek Colliery, in its day the most modern mine in the Southern Hemisphere, produced years' mine resources then any other pit in Australia. Of forty pits operating in the north, twenty seven of them at one time or another were managed by men who had started at Back Creek Colliery, including the well-known "Bobby" Hears.

Of course the gold rush to the west lured Mores residents as much as it did the rest of the population.

When Hargreaves opened his treasure store of millions and some forty-two business men who went out there prospecting, packed up a magnet weighing 85 carats, and a blacksmith from Ballarat was said to have collected eleven pounds of gold from one hole. Mores joined the rest—the crowds that deserted Sydney, the immigrants that began to pour in. All their money went into transport and implements for the trek.

Tom Saunders of the "Bessie Dean" was among them. And Tom regretted the adventure. Tom and many others. For the residents of Mores were not aware those who passed far from it. They returned to Mores, the poorer and the sorer.

Mores saw the great goldfields and somehow men of the nineteenth century seem. One such character—a bookish and rather—devoted a scheme which brought him both money and welcome wherever he went across the Mores area. His conclusion was that books did not sell well unless they were in a series.

so he wrote his own series, the plot untried somewhere in the nineteenth century, book by book gradually working through one family until he caught up with the present times and, alas, his series came to an end. It is on record that the library—owned of the Mores population—specially bought his books.

Today, in other parts, the old-timers still remember of the days when they gathered at the "Bessie Dean" to inhale heavily beer at fourpence per pint! Mores, they say, was a great town!

the big lights but thought training a poor unworthy of his natural powers—in already a legend which will be told for generations yet.

Training days were not days for this lad. He used to make a great show, in his top, trotting down Main Street. Twin shaggy and belling mares, alive, would give him a cheer and business men stroll to their door as he trotted past. Coming around of the Bessie Dean he'd make a point of turning down the office of a drink, and the customers would open him forward, with much enthusiasm; well they knew his run, but would never give him away, for what use, thought they, of bringing a name to an end.

And so Bobbie would trot, until he had trotted right out of sight of Mores, anyhow. And then he'd find a shady nook, and sleep until at the time the Baker's cart was due from West Wyaland he would be making another show of trotting back to town, and the better, chief of his company, would offer a lift.

Still, his trainer was not altogether asleep, and for long had become suspicious of Bobbie's unwholesome energy.

BUSY



When the courts are required to settle these baby maddles in twelve months you can't help wondering, can you?

TESS WAITE



WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOURS?

A PRIVATE nursing home at Fribourg, Switzerland, records the admissions of expectant mother Mrs. Madeleine Japs on July 4, 1941, and the subsequent birth on that morning of her twin boys.

Mrs. Japs's first reaction on seeing her soon was one of excitement, for never in her life had she known twins as demure. One was completely bald, and the other had a shock of black hair; the dark-haired baby was heavier than his brother.

Now, Mrs. Japs was very tired after her ordeal, and though she thought she had heard the sister remark that there was not a fraction of difference in the weight of the twins at birth, she felt too weak to start an investigation just then. When, next, she saw the infants she had become accustomed to the idea of having such disorderly babies, and, if she thought at all of her earlier reaction, it was to blame

low physical state for her strange uneasiness. She called the dark one Paul and his brother Philip.

Philip and Paul were not dissimilar in appearance. As they began to develop, it was evident that they were in no way alike in character and personality. The heavier child was belligerent, a "leader," the other was shy and retiring. However, they played well together and life went along in the Japs family quite smoothly for five years—until the children were enrolled at the local state school.

The Japs were French-Swiss. Conveying school at the same time as the twins was a little German-Swiss boy, Ernest Vetter.

Ernest was so like Philip Japs that teachers and pupils could not tell them apart, a circumstance that was regarded as very confusing and a strange coincidence. As well as looking alike the two children displayed the same

aggression and they often played together despite the little Vetter boy's difficulty with the French language.

The neighbors had remarked to Mrs. Japs that they had seen her Philip in the street at a time when she insisted he had been in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Japs had never seen Ernest—when they did see him it was a rude shock. It was at a religious procession commemorating the feast of Corpus Christi during the boys' first school year.

The procession moved along the street up to the spot where Mr. Japs stood filming with his movie camera. His wife, by his side, noticed that her shy son Philip was in the first line of infants leading the procession. Proudly she waved, but he seemed to look right through her. A moment later she saw her twins walking hand in hand. She stood petrified, seeing the two Philip at the one time. Her husband's camera was silent.

The mother ran to the head of the procession, seized Ernest and angrily demanded his name.

The shy child, terrified at her outburst, could not understand the question in French. She separated it in German and he replied simply: "I am called Ernest Vetter."

Mrs. Vetter had also noticed her son in the vanguard of the procession, and, observing the strange behavior of the other women, hurried forward to protest. Mrs. As Ernest threw himself, sobbing, on her neck, the father of the twins took her arm, and asked where Ernest was born.

Japs knew beyond doubt that this boy was his own son. The woman's words confirmed his belief. Ernest Vetter had been born on the same morning in the same hospital at which his wife had given birth to the twins.

Before the Vetter-boys' case-up had been cleared, another baby drama was in progress, the first act taking place in October, 1945 at the government hospital at Nicotia, Cyprus. The chief characters were Mrs. Panayiotou

Theofanis and her baby Alex, and Mrs. Theofanis Elaidi and her child Christodoulos.

Unlike Mrs. Japs, Mrs. Panayiotou trusted her own eyes and instincts rather than hospital identification routine. She noticed that her baby had a tiny scar on its ear. The scar was missing when the baby was given to her for the second feed.

Mrs. Panayiotou was determined. Mrs. Elaidi remained unconvinced. The nurses and doctors did no more than try to calm the excited patient. Mrs. Panayiotou would not be calmed, either in the hospital or on her discharge. She continued to protest until, last December, after a three-year fight, the court heard the case in her favor.

And the year the Panayiotou baby was born was the same year that Mrs. W. Morrison and Mrs. Noel Jackson gave birth to their controversial babies in the Kingston District Hospital. Mrs. Morrison insisted that the hospital had given her Mrs. Jackson's child. The State Fall Court settled the case against her in March this year.

Then only a few days later came news from Glasgow of a baby swap-up at the Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Three baby maddles settled within the space of twelve months.

Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, is a hospital where they face the old system of identification, yet in March this year two madmen turned, and were discharged with, the wrong babies.

Mrs. Jean Wilson and Mrs. Nancy Harvey, both 21-year-old mothers gave birth to baby boys on the same day; the infants were labelled.

Somewhere or other the two identifying Mrs. Wilson's baby became detached, and the baby given to Mrs. Harvey. Mrs. Wilson received the Harvey baby and, being completely smothered with what she saw and the emotion she experienced, she ac-

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

How to be happy though married—see feed them,
Now and then and then you actually need them,
You listen and laugh at the stories they tell you,
Pretend you believe in the lies that they tell you,
You build up their ego and coddle and soothe them,
Comfort and cosset and generally treat them
Shore intelligent interest and never be angry,
For better be branded a dill and a sissy,
Don't pounce in their faces, don't natter and nag them
Don't show you mistrust them, don't harry and hag them,
Don't fawn at their toesies but humor and help them,
Though most of the time you're just longing to sleep them!

KAY GRANT

pleased to refer to the identification tag.

The nurses discovered the mistake in discharging Mrs. Wilson. The Superintendent was away at the time and they decided to let the mother stand in obedience until his return. So Mrs. Wilson left with the Barclay baby.

When Superintendent W. G. Mackay returned to the hospital he had to face one of the most serious situations of his career. The nursing following has returned both mothers received disturbing epistles.

Opening an envelope Mrs. Wilson read:

"I must repeat that on returning to the hospital last night I was informed by the nursing staff that the baby presented to you throughout your stay in hospital, and regarded by you as your own, was found on discharge to be clearly labeled 'Barclay'."

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that you have been given the wrong baby."

"Your own baby, whose identifica-

tion label became detached, was given to Mrs. Barclay from the time of birth until discharge.

"I will, of course, be very much obliged if you will return the baby on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock."

"Come in a taxi at the hospital's expense."

"I will arrange for Mrs. Barclay to do the same and the letters can be 'changed'."

Look, says Dr. Mackay both couples faced the explanation reasonable.

To get back to the Vettors and the Jones. When Mrs. Vetter realized the import of the situation outside the church during the procession, she gathered up her child and forced her way through the crowd of spectators to gain the sanctuary of her home. Ernest, she insisted was her child, and no stranger would ever take him from her.

Nevertheless, as the days passed, during which the Jones came alone that she insisted on having the case investigated, she realized that to justify

as behind she must allow an enquiry. Professors Fuchsenschlager and Reissner of Geneva were appointed to take the blood tests of the children and every member of their families.

Specimens they sent to laboratories in London, Göttingen and New York proved that Paul could not be the son of Mrs. Joyce, but that he could be the son of Mrs. Vetter. It was also possible that Ernest Vetter was the son of Mrs. Joyce, and that if—among the three children—there was one pair of identical twins born of a single egg, those twins were Philip Joyce and Ernest Vetter.

This was only one proof. Ernest and Philip were found to be lacking to the same fingerprint grooves. Their eyes and nose were similar in pattern. X-rays revealed similar dental peculiarities, both were color blind, and each lacked a certain small bone in the right hand.

The proof was almost complete enough to satisfy but there still remained the skin grafting test. A small piece of Ernest's skin and a piece of Paul's were grafted onto Philip's left arm. Paul's skin died, but the skin from Ernest's arm kept itself into Philip's skin tissues.

Even Mrs. Vetter was satisfied. The transfer was carried out by nurses

who called simultaneously at both homes, collected the children and returned them to their rightful parents.

What of little Alex Paragiotou, or Shadi? Mrs. Paragiotou and Mrs. Shadi each tested the child presented to them at the hospital. Mrs. Paragiotou under protest.

Except for the unfortunate situation that Mrs. Paragiotou's husband had been killed in the R.A.F. before the baby's birth, a blood test might have cleared the matter immediately. Doctors said the mother would have to wait until the babies were three years old before a test could prove anything. When at the end of that period a test was taken it was proved that Mrs. Paragiotou could not be the mother of the child known as her son.

If Mrs. Paragiotou had protested against having to bring up a child she was convinced was not her own, it seems that she had a big heart, for little Christodoulos cried bitterly when she took him to the Shadi's house at Ayia Varyrys village and left with Alex.

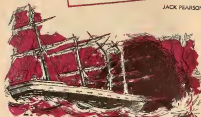
Even in the matter of the court case Mrs. Paragiotou reflects favorably. So delighted was she to have at last won her son that she paid the expenses herself with savings she earned as a housemaid.



CAVERN

of Death

JACK PEARSON



Powering precipices stretched seemingly to the lee as the sailing ship "General Grant" hurtled down towards them.

THE cave curves a gloomy, 250 feet high gap in a sheer wall of star-bellied cliff. Mirth dried it and the wild Antarctic gales scream and sob as they swirl through its corridors, disturbing, with their uprush the gulls and boobies that nest in its shadow and caw so often swooning from its roof a crushing cascade of collapsing rock.

Beyond the apertures (barren and withing sheets of sheet, it looks like and vast and mysterious) and there is nothing to show that, beneath the long, lay across of the Southern Ocean pulsing into its depths, lie among the bones of a tall ship and her company two iron-bound boxes containing a

valuable treasure—2,775 ounces of gold.

The cave guards its secret well and, though in the past 50 years many men have sought it, the two boxes still rest undisturbed in the ooze.

There was no seasonal excitement when, on May 1, 1911, the ship "General Grant" cleared out from Melbourne for London.

Her cargo of wool and greatest produce had been stowed below hatches and Captain Loughlin had the two boxes of gold secure in his cabin.

The Reverend Father Seale had no preconceptions as he joined Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Oet and family and the other five first-class passengers in the saloon: the thirty-three men and

women in the second and third classes, their backs turned without regret on the hurly-burly of the coming storm, were too busy settling into their new quarters to have much thought of anything else; and the crew had enough to occupy them as they eased the "General Grant" out through The Rip.

In all, there were seventy-one souls aboard. The "General Grant" moved suddenly into Ross Strait and, as the last flicker of her masts faded over the horizon, she—and 64 of her companions—passed to no fortunate fate as ever befell a ship in the history of the sea.

It happened nine days later. By then, the "General Grant" was beating past the Auckland Islands. But Captain Loughlin was viewing the storm-seaward swayed of too many good ships without alarm. Though it was late afternoon and through the haze he could see the waves thunder and shiver on the crests and pinacles of the jagged coast, the "General Grant" was running sweetly, with a fair breeze and sea-room to spare.

"We'll have those well again by morning, thank God!" said Captain Loughlin, putting aback at the cliffs.

Heely can any prophecy have been wiser from the truth it was as if the demon of the islands heard the Captain's boast and recoiled.

As the sun sank over the edge of the sea, the wind took with it Pacing the deck, Captain Loughlin saw the waves flatter and sag deeply. A last ray breeze brushed the ship and she wallowed slowly into the centre of a dead calm. Captain Loughlin sighed dejectedly to watch the seamen swarming aloft. Then, suddenly, he shouted and began to scurry for the wheel.

A rushing tide was swinging the "General Grant" bodily down towards the hangs of the towering precipices that stretched seemingly to the lee. Urged by the shrill marks of the

main, all the watches came tumbling up from below. But there was nothing that they could do. The "General Grant" was helpless in the grip of the current which with murderous persistence drove her closer and closer to the deadly cliffs.

Now on, she drifted towards them and night settled over her without even a whiff of wind.

Thudding out of the darkness came the noise of the sea, beating in tremendous waves on the heaving rocks and soon Captain Loughlin could hear even the sack of the reeling waves as they fell back defeated at the base of the crag. Powerless to check his ship from the wheels of the tide, he could only wait and hope. He hoped in vain.

It was half past eleven when the bowsprit struck the cliffs and splintered with a rending crash. The "General Grant" reeled with a groan of protesting timbers and went head-side as

The rock wall lowered above her and she commenced to drift along the foot of the cliff.

If the cliffs had continued in an unbroken line, it is possible, that in the end, the "General Grant" might have drifted clear. But it was not to be. The solid blackness of the cliffs changed without warning into another blackness . . . a blackness which seemed more fluid, less tangible but no less threatening. Yawning before her like the gaping of a hungry mouth and snapping above the tips of the waves and the spars, Captain Loughlin looked into the giant cave.

And, as he looked, he felt the "General Grant" leap beneath him. With a shuddering rush, the current plunged through the ghostly opening leaving the "General Grant" with it and hurling her to her doom in the cavern of death.

The waves, thrashing into the cave, added their strength to the tug of the current and drove her still deeper into its maw. Tossed up by the swell,

Compared with man, women are said to be shorter in height by 60 inches. Higher in weight by 15 pounds. In weight by 150 have lighter bones by 42 pounds, live longer by 42 years. Their hearts beat faster per minute by 8 beats. Blood pressure is lower by 30 points. They are more nervous by 1 in 125. Have appendicitis less often by 1 to 3 are red-headed more often by 2 to 1. are rational, less often by 11 to 34 are blue-eyed less often by 4 to 5 are more nervous and changeable by 5 to 1, get drunk less often by 5 to 1 are seven

her maids stashed into the rocky roof, dislodging huge masses of stone that crashed like cannon-balls to the decks, crushing and wounding and killing their swimming victims as they heeled Spain and yards swayed like boughs. The flickering light of the flames above like streams of blood on the swooning darkness; and flocks of seared birds fluttered madly, mingling their piteous cries with the terrified shrieks of women and children.

"Six fathers!" called the headman in the chains, his voice half lost in the darkness. "Six fathers dead!"

About as an echo to his words, a mighty surge lifted the "General Grant" and tossed her towards the reef. Her instrument smashed against the twinkling rock and its head dove tearing down through the splintering planks of her hull. A long wall of spray rang through the cave as the "General Grant" listed sharply to port.

"The boat! Stead by the boat!" yelled Captain Loughlen, with the beavert of knit-brow stones showered down.

Kneeling on the deck with the whimpering women and children

about him, the Reverend Father Berke prayed while the crew swung out the long boat. Under the pillars of rock, the crew somehow picked 40 frantic things into it and let go the dlogs. Another grant were across the long-boat and threw it, spinning, against the wall of the cave. It crumpled into matchwood and against its splinter fragments bobbed tortured faces that swam briefly and then were lost.

All except three. By what can only be explained as a miracle, three of the forty in the long-boat emerged from the icy waters and regained the "General Grant's" decks. But they returned only to new agony.

The "General Grant" sank deeper. The sea broke over her, foaming about Father Berke where he knelt and Captain Loughlen, going down jointly with his ship. Still, the pounding rocks resumed and mangled and still the panted sea-birds searched their conchoidal with the terrible, dull plaint of the doomed.

For a second, the "General Grant" seemed to pause and rear herself. Then, she shattered and with a last violent lunge disappeared under the black tide.

The sultry light of the flames scattered and was quenched. The cries of the gulls died slowly into stillness and a shroud of darkness once more was spread over the cavern. The long waves rolled unobscured against the rock. Only a snarl or two of flowers remained to show where once the "General Grant" had been.

Yet, against all probability, twelve people . . . how, they could never properly explain . . . came out alive from the cave.

Captain Loughlen was not amongst them; nor was Father Berke. The Chief Officer had taken over the command.

Striking at the base of a pillar, cockle-shell boat they fringed with the current and, as dawn was heralding, they dragged their exhausted

bodies ashore on the rocky mainland.

Drenched and wounded as they were, worn-out and semi-drunken, they nevertheless managed to start a fire.

Fourteen months later, it was still burning. But the Chief Officer could wait no longer. Scanning the pinched, starved faces of his companions, he made up his mind. With four men, he again embarked in his cockle-shell craft to seek help. With a promise to return, he vowed all into eternity.

Another four months later and the fire was still alight. Seven hapless souls were crunched around it, trying to warm themselves against the November cold, when something glimmered through the haze.

"A sail!" they told one another unbelievably. "A sail!"

A few expectant hours and they were aboard the brig "Amber." As she took the wind in her sails and sped for home, it must have been with marvellous eyes that the seven gazed back to where the "General Grant" lay, with her gold and her company, in her fantastic grave.

They are all the cavern has ever allowed to escape. The rest of its booty is still unlooted.

Seven years later, the French barque "Alexandre" carried a party of scientists to the cave. But, though they noted the treachery of the planet Venus, they saw no sign of the "General Grant's" gold.

Soon after, the schooner "Flora" reached the gloomy doorway. She had been chartered by a Mr. Taylor and a Mr. Stewart, M.L.C., for New South Wales. But she had no more luck than the "Alexandre." As a matter of fact, she had worse, for her two owners quarrelled and the "Flora" returned, empty and astonished, to Sydney.

Then, the "Galle" was chartered at Lyttelton, New Zealand. Though she too failed, she touched on success. She seems to have located the "General Grant" by accident. But that is as close as she got to the treasure. For some unknown reason, the search was abandoned and the "Galle" came back to port.

But in the meantime, the cave curves a 250-foot high gap in a sheer wall of soft-battered cliff and there is nothing to show that within it jostling the bones of a tall ship and her company, lie two treasure-houses containing 2,500 ounces of Australian gold.



It started this way



The name lady may have been English or Scot, but when she said "Come over my fire and take pot luck," she was using an Irish invitation. It was once the custom in the country districts of Ireland to keep hot on the stove a large pot of stew. Whatever was fished out of the cauldron was called "pot luck." Hence the expression "taking pot luck."

America without dollars is rather hard to imagine. Still, even the dollar had an origin and so did the dollar sign. In the days when America had no legal currency, the first settlers found the Spanish dollar the most useful coin. The dollar was equal to eight Spanish reals and was signified by the figure 8 with lines either side to avoid confusion with the figure 3—from which evolved the present \$ sign.

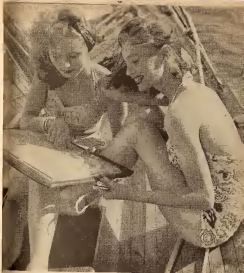


Sterling silver has its origin in an honest name, Easterlings, the name of a family of Belgian traders, whose absolute honesty was esteemed so widely that in 1215, King John, in between arguments with Simon de Montfort regarding an English Parliament, was ascertaining English silver by giving the Easterlings the job of making English coins, a job they did so well that their name is still used as a sign of solid worth.

One idea that didn't come out of a hat was the manufacture of the hat itself, which began about 500 years ago. No, this one came out of a helmet, which men, apparently, so much enjoyed wearing, as to wear to cover their heads for other purposes than protection. They also contrived the practice of hatching the head and extending a band on entering a house, a custom denoting trust and goodwill.



The modern miss expertly making Microtypicus on a pad, to the accompanying purr of a stretched bow, is not performing entirely far from of Isaac Pitman. They had a system of shorthand in Athens as early as the fourth century B.C., and the first workable system was perfected by the Hebrew, Marcus Tullius Tiro, three centuries later. No real improvement until Pitman in the nineteenth century!



DAMSELS afloat

What's that? Captain and mate going over the charts? That's right. No men aboard this lugger. And if the maneuvered finger is indicating position, there's not a speck of land in sight. Wind blowing up, too! Still, Scandinavian girls know about boats. They know how to steal the fun and dodge the danger.



By the look of that sail we'd say that this youthful delectability hasn't a very safe perch. But if it is in the line of duty there's not much that can be done about it. As we were saying, girls in her part of the world know about these things, which is just as well, for loss of this life and limb would be a pity if ever there was one.



Lord almighty! And wishing about it, too. So terra firma offers some pleasures after all! But, obviously! And there's only one fly in their ointment. The summer is far too short so they can't afford to put off 'til tomorrow the pleasures they offer today. And if there's fun to be had, who'd want to put it off anyway?

A PILL

TO END

THE PLAGUE

MARCELLE HILTON



Typhoid and paratyphoid fevers kill sensibly fewer Australians per 1,000,000. Is this strange news at all cost?

The maps silver lance with which modern science fight the evils of disease has scored another victory—a victory over some of the greatest human scourges of all time.

The dread, unseen-killing plague which has repeatedly scourged humanity, looks like meeting its match at last, in the hypodermic needle of the scientific surgeon. Does it seem absurd to say that this little instrument and the newly discovered chemical, polymyxin, could have spared London the grim and terrible plague year of which Defoe wrote the famous journal? That, and nothing less, is the hope of the discoverers of polymyxin—that end more.

But to meet polymyxin, come back for a minute from these dreams of biological width to one simple case which will introduce you to the substance—the unhappy horse in which a

two-week-old baby and its thirteen-month-old brother were both suffering the agony of whooping cough. The little baby, with a temperature of over 100 degrees was in a serious condition.

There seemed no chance that the infant could pull through the ordeal when, as a last resort, the John Hopkins School of Medicine at Baltimore was appealed to—and founders of wonder—just at the time when the Hopkins doctors had reached the stage in their Polymyxin trials where the chemical could be experimented, with safety, on human beings.

The belief became the pioneers of the drug, two of the seven persons on whom the first reports of Polymyxin were made.

The condition of the smaller baby was critical, but within one day of the substance being injected into the un-

developed muscles, his temperature had returned to normal and the cough had been hushed. Both infants returned to normal health, seemed to suffer no after effects of the disease, and, already, Polymyxin had proved itself a medical weapon justifying the risk involved in the first experiment.

But the Haskings doctors were looking further than the saving of one baby's life. The day they had elected to defend, in the illness of their efforts, was the plague that until now had awaited medical skill. If what they believed of Polymyxin were true the plague and its allies—the other mass diseases which jack off millions annually in Asia and elsewhere nearer home—would have met their match. The curative of undulant fever and typhus would be better, and so would typhoid and paratyphoid, which can kill a man in a few hours; neither would meningitis and blood poisoning continue to carry the threat of death. Is a more general use, if these hopes were realized, here was a speedy cure for bacillary dysentery and for the various types of urinary tract infection.

The doctors were not to be disappointed. Already since then, the drug has proved itself against undulant fever—in the case of a 20-year-old woman who arrived at Johns Hopkins with a temperature of 104 degrees and was discharged within three weeks at the commencement of Polymyxin treatment. Temperature had dropped to normal after eight days of treatment, the injections had been continued for another five days, and a week later she was well enough to leave.

Similar success marked treatment of a chronic sufferer of the fever—and if neither of these two patients suffice a release, Polymyxin will have proved itself indeed, for this is something which no other drug has accomplished.

The diseases at which Polymyxin is directed may not be underestimated as

threats to Australia, despite their quantitative which guards against the introduction of disease from outside. Typhoid and paratyphoid fevers kill annually at the rate of four persons per 1,000,000 of the Australian population, meningitis 52 per 1,000,000.

Even whooping cough, regarded by the majority of families as just another childhood illness, takes an average of 15 per 1,000,000. And, despite all efforts to guard against the introduction of outside infection, the recent Reedli Fox scare—when routine examinations failed to detect disease in a passenger ship, and carriers were allowed to mix freely with the population—gives the laugh to complete assurance on this score.

As an aid to surgery Polymyxin has shown definite superiority over other drugs. Treatment of an 11-month-old baby with a severe burn proved that two units of polymyxin could stop the growth of a germ that 50 units of streptomycin did not arrest. The baby which became infected with the blue powdering germ, bacillus pyocyaneus, was cured with Polymyxin after every type of treatment had been tried without success. Within six days of his having received the injections, the germ had been beaten, and the infection cleared, so that the doctors could begin skin grafting to replace the tissue destroyed by the burn.

Yet Polymyxin—the wonder anti-germ chemical—is not effective against tubercular germs, a field in which streptomycin shines. The new chemical's success is with the "green negative" germs which cause much more serious illness than that caused by the green positive germs such as the streptococci.

So far there has been only one unpleasant reaction to the drug. This was the development of fever after 14 days of polymyxin treatment in the chronic sufferer of undulant fever. The doctors considered this was probably an allergic reaction, and may not occur again.



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF

WOONG

Thou art old lesson, time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most,
When all is won that all desire to won,
The pultry prize is hardly worth the cost.

—Dyson.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to
take aim low.

—Douglas Jerrold

"The sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something likeful and dear;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

—Mason.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a whispering "No" peepi-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, now as I advanced to confess it.

—Longfellow.

'Tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice,
Her heart be sure is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebut.

—Ovid.

To get these ends, my bashfulness aside,
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

—Sherrick.

★ Pat Dane—Universal International Star





exhibit



James Marcell had attended cattle shows, but he had never thought the love would come when he would be Exhibit A, paraded in with three others for the entertainment of spectators hidden from all-around.

He, the sea-captain, the captain's wife and a child boy—surviving castaways from a ship that had left Sydney Harbor on Friday, May 1846, and struck a reef near the Queensland coast—had been prodded and pulled, walked around, and fed on root diet for six days now, ever since their small boat had grounded on the beach at Cleveland Bay and the natives had captured them.

To a point Jimmy could appreciate the natives' sentiments, they were being welcomed as having captured some strange-skinned humans, and they were enjoying their importance. But, hang it all, thought Jimmy, six days is enough.

"Hey, Captain, I wonder what would happen if we refused to go on show today." This from Jimmy as they squatted over their roots, guarded by armed natives.

"They'd probably run their mandewas spears right through us, Jimmy, my lad."

"And maybe they'd not! What do you say to our lying 'doggs' this time?"

"Alright, Jimmy. But take it easy, I'm responsible for all three you know."

Jimmy grinned. A group of natives was approaching, brandishing their spears in an unpleasant manner and

Jimmy decided that it might be wiser to co-operate.

The blacks eventually tired of the novelty and after a while the party was given freedom, taught to hunt and spear—at which arts they became more expert than the natives themselves—and gradually accepted into life of the tribe.

After two years Jimmy was the sole survivor, and he continued to live with the natives for fifteen more years. He married and had a son.

And then one day in 1863 two Europeans who were visiting a stockade near what is now Port Denison were amazed to hear a strange voice re-
spond:

"What cheer master!"

Looking up they saw a man—a naked man, not black and not red-skinned, stowied, on their fence. In their surprise their hands reached for their pistols, but Jimmy was quick to explain:

"Don't shoot, I'm a British subject."

Jimmy Marcell took some time to make himself respectable enough to appear before civilized people and to attend the civic reception at Blackhampton.

He made his home with his family at Bowen, and as a citizen his influence with the natives was valuable in maintaining harmony between the settlers and the people who regarded him as their brother. James Marcell lived only two years at Bowen. He died in October, 1865.

END OF THE LINE

The police weren't bought. If the student murder he had known, why would anyone want to kill a lawyer because he was fishing?

DON MOLT

THE river was a hundred feet below us. Halfway across, Haskell stopped the cable car. "Hard work," he said. "Let me rest a second." I glanced at his weathered truck-driver shoulders and wondered what was going on in that head of his.

Russell looked down at the river. A hammering gun spread across his wide mouth. "This would have been the place to kill him. Instead of running a golf ball through his neck."

"Don't you think we'd better hurry," I suggested. I was worried.

"Stomach isn't going any place."

"She May I'm thinking about," I said.

"She's all right. I took her seven fifteen minutes before I found the body. She said she wanted to go up to the car and rest."

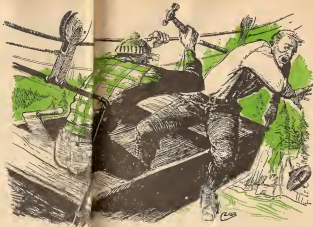
I'm not good at mathematics but I tried to do some figuring. If the cable car had been on Stinson's side of the river when he was killed. There was a middle leg up about six sheep and

six walrus, and a shepherd whose problem was to ferry these across a river two at a time. I hadn't been able to figure out that one either. I wondered if the sheriff could.

Russell reached up and grabbed the cable with his strong, thick hands and pulled our little two-seated cable car the rest of the way across.

I thought of something someone "You don't seem very much worried about the girl you're going to marry."

"She's still your wife—remember?" Russell grinned.



I remembered. And I remembered that the police might like to know who had spilled the neck of Jerrold T. Stinson, Attorney for the Plaintiff, with a golf ball.

The screen door slammed behind Haskell and Sergeant Martin Mesker. The sergeant pushed back his cap. "This is the crummiest I ever saw," he said. "Who in hell would want to murder a lawyer just because he was fishing?"

I had been sitting here all the time in this fly-spotted inn, down the road

it was the late for words. I saw the hammer come down, and tried to duck.

a ways from where I'd parked my car that morning, drinking muddy coffee. We had walked down here from the cable car to phone the police, and Haskell had volunteered to take the sergeant back to the murder scene. Now they were back.

Mesker took a nickel notebook from the pocket of his uniform. "I suppose I might as well get all the information

LIN YUTANG says that his countrymen have a rich store of famous and wonderful food recipes to teach the West where the West is ready and humble enough to learn them. He says it is unlikely that this will be soon, for the Chinese would not care to send their ginseng up the Thames or the Mississippi to cheat the English and Americans into illnesses against their will. In China, he says, the art of living is a sacred tradition and a religion, and the spiritual values have not been sacrificed for the material but help in a better enjoyment of life.

would Stenial follow all three of you up here?"

"To serve me with divorce papers," I suggested.

He nodded. "We found them on him. I guess he figured he could do a little fishing while he was at it. Now, here's another thing. What would a fish gulf with a three-inch hook and a three-foot handle be doing up here? Trout fishermen use a net."

"Somebody could use it to kill somebody," I suggested.

"Right. But who had a reason to kill Stenial—except you? It was you he was going to serve with papers."

I had been waiting for this. "There are thousands of boys, I couldn't kill them all."

"Anything between you and Haskell here? Are you friends or something?"

"We were shipmates in the army. We settled down here afterwards." I looked up and saw Haskell pointedly fingering his forehead when I mentioned the army.

"How long you been married?" he asked.

"Five years."

"Considering your time in the service and your present job, you and your wife must be practically strangers, eh?" Mosker glared at Haskell's rumpled handsomeness and then at me. I knew what he was thinking. I knew he would make some crack about when the wife saw the wife would play. But I didn't tell him it wasn't Haskell I hated. I wouldn't tell him I'd given up fighting with May months ago—when it was decided that I thought more of my work than I did of her, and that all she thought about was being a good-time Charlie. I didn't tell her I'd given up giving a damn about May. I didn't tell him anything of that.

Then rolled on gravel outside. The sergeant looked his neck and gripped the railings through the screen. "The boys are here," he announced. He closed his notebook. "That's all for

now. You boys hang around till we need you."

When Haskell and I walked out of the roadhouse the sergeant was in a huddle with his boys. We walked along the orange-striped pavement until we interrupted the Forest Service trail that led down the gorge to the cable car. Haskell had suggested we go back and search for May.

We padded in silence down the steep trail through heavy greenery to the lag platform where the cable car was stalled. I got into the small seat, leaving the door. Haskell called his walk into the opposite seat. Don't see. He reached up and began pulling me across the gorge. I leaned back, thinking of May and gnawing at the dirt, ghostly upon sucking out of the green second growth where a fire had once stopped the mountainside.

The cable car stopped halfway across. Haskell was staring at me and fingering his forehead—the rope he'd hold open once when he fell off a bulldozer on Sapan. I had often thought he hadn't been the same since that accident. "This is the end of the line," he said.

I glanced down once at the boiling froth-topped green river below. I knew now. "Why did you have to kill Stenial?" I asked.

He grinned. "Because he didn't come up here to serve you those papers. He had just found out that I was already married."

"Did May see you do it?" I asked slowly.

He nodded once. "Sure. But she won't talk. I didn't take her across the river. I tied her up in that old powder shack by the falls. You've always stood in my way, Jeff. Even when you didn't give a damn about her you always stood in my way. That's why she dragged me up here today—to see you. She wouldn't have gone through with the divorce as long as you were alive."

I saw Haskell's head reach behind him and come out with a hammer. "I'll tell them you want crazy and shocked are too," he said. His voice shook. "They'll think you're the murderer."

"Only see fishermen use a gill net," I said, fighting for a little time. "The sergeant will trouble to that. You could plead temporary insanity because of your cracked head. Don't make it any worse for yourself."

"Apparently you haven't yet grasped my meaning, Jeff. I don't need to plead anything. Where's my motive? No, Jeff. You're the jealous husband, and it's you the police are interested in. They'll never question my story, and if they did—who's to know what goes on up here?"

"That you still won't get May." I reassured him.

It was too late for words. Haskell was standing up, grasping the cable with one hand. I saw the hammer come down and tried to duck. It glanced off my temple and exploded again in my hand, but I clung to the seat. Then in a daze I heard the shew of a rifle shot over the sound of the rushing water below, and the third as the bullet struck Haskell. He jerked stiffly and then slowly uncurled out of the car. I shook my head clear while the car moved back and forth like a pendulum—a pendulum of death. Then I saw Mosker standing on the platform at the end of the cable with two of his men. They had tumbled as he. He was holding a rifle in one hand and waving me to come back with the other.

I reached up and grabbed the cable and began pulling the car the other way—toward the other side. The sergeant had worked everything out so recently. He could wait. I was in a hurry to get to the old powder shack above the falls and see May. I wanted to find out if I too had worked things out a little better than just a few minutes.

I ran while we're waiting for the state trooper."

I told him my name was Jefferson Hart, that I was thirty-one years old, and that I was a timber cruiser. He had already talked to Haskell and found out that he was thirty, a lay-hauling contractor, and I suppose, that he was in love with my wife.

I also told him, and he crumpled it ridiculously into the notebook, that I had just returned to town after a two-month field trip and dinner up here to the river alone at daylight to go fishing.

He looked up then. "Damn to me you'd get enough fishing out in the woods."

"I don't enjoy fishing on company time," I answered.

"This is the easiest thing I ever saw," he repeated abruptly. "I've come back after being away two months and without hardly kissing your wife you drive up here alone to go fishing. Then, for some reason, your wife and Haskell decide to join you."

"Have you found her yet?"

"A search is getting under way. It's a cinch she didn't go back to the car like she told Haskell. . . . Now, why



Crosby had sworn he'd bring the murderer to justice. No matter who was guilty, Flynn's death would have to be revenge.

SLAVE TO DUTY

GERALD BRYDEN-BROWN

THE first cold rain of winter slashed at the windows. Lee Crosby's wife sighed, rested her elbows on the table and said, "I'm glad you're off duty to-night, Lee."

"Hi!" Lee Crosby's thick eyebrows lifted quizzically. He turned his watch to the fireplace and blew a gray cloud from his pipe.

"Off duty?" he said, pushing back his chair. "Who said I was?"

His wife started to reply, but his own words forestalled her.

"Less, I'm never off duty when murder has been done. You should

know that. Maybe the Department doesn't demand it, but I do! No murdering, sleeping out or going to have an open go while I sit before a fire."

Unconsciously, stern of jaw and eye, Detective Sergeant Lee Crosby lifted his huge bulk to his feet. A hard expression crossed Lena Crosby's face.

"Is murder more to you than your wife?" she demanded.

"Murder, to me, is everything!" Captain Lee Crosby stopped struggling into his overcoat long enough to clench a fist like a hammer. He crumpled a buttoned hat on his head, patted his wife's cheek, and confessed.



"I shrank from pavement pounding to detective sergeant because I hate the word 'murder'. I bring 'em back alive and make 'em take the medicine they themselves prescribe. Nothing is as secondly important as getting those who take life!"

"I-I know," his wife said wearily. "You've said it so many times before, Lee, it's a murder—a murder mark that pushes your wife and home into the background."

"Everything," he admitted calmly. "Less, it's my life! Seeing those killers get what they deserve. I tell you, I'd take you, my own brother, or even

my own mother in, if I knew you'd committed the crime of murder. Take Flynn. He had a family. He was a policeman before he took that job of driving an armored car for the bank. Then for a few thousand dollars someone held him up. Kills him. And you—"

He stopped. His gruff voice softened. "Less, I'm sorry. I guess I'm upset to-night. It's been a big job trying to find the venge who killed Flynn. Maybe a little talk with Bill would cheer me up."

"Lee"—Lena looked away—"are you sure that Bill Lord is your friend?"

On numerous occasions, it has been my pleasure to be bound by the bonds of seven-strutony to a tall, tweedy Canadian gentleman, attached to a pipe, smiles Grouse Grouse. With "John Mabelchew," Walter Peligson and I commemorated our fifth production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as man and wife. A shamelessly amiable arrangement which has proven as pleasant as it has been profitable. Knocking with the "wifely" prerogative of one so often blessed with Walter's blithe spirit and presence, make no mistake about it... here is a man and a very price Peligson.

Naturally, I speak in Walter's wife in those only. I'm continually confronted with the question: "Why don't you marry him?" My answer is: "For a thoroughly delightful and charming reason—Walter's wife Bath to whom he has been happily married for some seventeen years."

From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine.

"What?" Startled, he paused, his head on the doorknob. "Why, Bill Lord and I started in the same together. Come up together. You know that?"

She asked "I know, Leo. But Bill isn't on the same any more. He made money—"

"He saved money. Got a chance to go into business and took it. I'm proud Bill's come up so far."

Leo's lips formed the words "How far?" but she did not say them. She stood unseeing into space as Leo Crosby stepped out into the history night.

Perhaps the men he considered his best friend in life, Bill Lord, might have ideas ideas fresh from not being too close to the thing ideas concerning the turning down of the man who had killed Flynn. At least, a talk with Bill Lord would settle Leo Crosby.

He arrived at the block where Lord lived, his conscience pressed close to him by the howling wind.

The gleaming chicken nest of a petrel on the best showed in the doorway ahead. He recognized Crosby, and respectfully touched his cap.

"Nice night for a murder, Sergeant Crosby," the man commented.

"Yeah!" the detective growled. "No right is good for a murder. Get that

into your head while you're pounding the beat."

He played into the apartment doorway, his shoulders swinging angrily.

Inside, he ran the automatic lift to the third floor. Even his big feet made no sound on the thick hall carpet, no sound when he turned left and opened a door with insensitive quiet.

He never knocked, and Bill Lord never bothered with that formality when he visited the Crosby's for more modest home. They were friends. It was dark in the little entrance hall, but light glowed from a half-opened screen over the door into Bill Lord's living room. Leo Crosby's huge hand dived over the doorknob—and then he stopped. Voices, loud but distinguishable, came to his alert ears. He heard his own name. He did not want to eavesdrop; he did not think of that, but the words reached him as he peered, undecided. Words that noted him where he stood—"He Crosby?" he heard Bill Lord say—and the voice contained a snarl. "Yeah, I know: He'll on killers, a bloodhound and a bulldog but without brains I've fooled him ever since I quit being a copper and got smart for myself. He doesn't suspect a thing—the big hunk!" "Just the same," another masculine

voice persisted. "He's dangerous. You shouldn't have given orders to have Flynn killed."

"Those heads are not negotiable," Leo Crosby heard Bill Lord grant, through a whistling sort of nose which bent louder and louder in his ears. Crosby's heart was pounding, and a dry taste seemed to powder in his mouth.

"I'll dispose of the bonds through an honest channel," Bill Lord laughed. "Flynn—well, why take chances? Besides, the man who did the job and got Flynn is out of the way, too. So who's to know?"

"But Crosby—"

"He thinks I'm his friend. He's dumb. So dumb he doesn't know that I'd cost him a minute if he found things out."

"You wouldn't mind grabbing his wife either, ah?" another voice sneezed. Words. Words that reached Leo Crosby until he hardly knew himself. Talk. Talk that tore at his heart and ripped like lightning through his head. His head dropped, and the running in his ears became a bellish thir—

He was nearly to headquarters when his feet touched a ground of otherness once more. He felt the cold rain and the wind stepping his forehead face. He shook his head, and turned about, then again wheeled as his course. He couldn't arrest Bill Lord, feeling as he did now. He had to get a grip on himself before he did that job. The job of arresting the man who'd been—who Leo Crosby thought had been—the best friend in the world.

Feet clanked at his sides, he marched into the old building and climbed worn stairs. He went into a little room where several detectives loitered, ignored their greening, and plunged into his own office just off that of the chief.

"I never thought the Sergeant got tight. Hell, did you notice how glossy his eyes were?" a homicide man said

"Guess he has to get plastered to keep from blowing his top," another commented. "When he can't land a killer in the jug within a few hours of the crime he damn near loses his pants."

Maybe Leo Crosby was drunk—but not the way they thought. He could not remember anything except that he went back Bill Lord for murder. Maybe Bill hadn't made the kill himself, but he was responsible. Bill Lord, heading a mob, ordering kills! No wonder his head aching business had gone ahead to specify!

Leo Crosby sunk into his chair, his hands pressed his forehead hard as his drink he pressed, miserably.

His door opened. "Crosby. You have to-night?" the chief's voice stopped. Then hastily "Crosby—I'm sorry. But we just got word that some dirty snake has rubbed out your old man, Bill Lord!"

Crosby was hurt—yet strangely, he wasn't. Murdered? Bill Lord murdered? Somehow, it was a relief. There would be no putting a gun on Bill Lord now. Instead, he'd be getting the one who got Bill—

The sight of Bill's body, lying sprawled face down on the rich carpet of his living room, jarred Crosby first. With tight lips, while other officers sympathized with him, he took command.

He wished, as he went over the place, that he'd not gone blind as he left the apartment earlier in the evening. He condemned himself bitterly for that. He should, he knew, have walked in or at least looked over the screen.

He called a fingerprint man and ordered him to dust the furniture and objects in the room. An assistant surmised was ordering the body of Lord out. He turned to Crosby.

"Don't have to wait for an autopsy to give that certificate. It went through his heart and pushed about through under the shoulder blade." Crosby

THE FUNDAMENTAL THINGS

"A kiss is still a kiss"—they sing—
 "A sigh is still a sigh!"—
 O my! O my!
 A kiss is still a kiss
 To my girl
 "A kiss is still a kiss"—they sing—
 "A sigh is still a sigh!"—
 O my! O my!
 A kiss is still a kiss, a bond
 is still a bond
 To my blonde

KAY GRANT

winked the heavy bullet in his hand. A. B. called, he knew. The last of lead that had snugged on Bill Lord's hip. He pocketed it, gave out orders to his men, and went out heavily.

In the early morning, he walked down deserted streets. He wanted to put his world to rights again, but the places would not fit, even by the time he reached headquarters again. The chief was waiting there. He called Crosby in.

Crosby's lecture area dropped at the instant when passing the floor nervously. He looked then at the chief and there was doubt in his voice as he asked, "What's Simons doing here?"

"I," said Simons, wheezing, "was the one who sent the call. The chief about Bill Lord Crosby, I was there!"

"You're being a politician, with power to tell the Commissioner what to do—" Crosby walked toward the way.

The chief thrust in "Two God's sake listen!" he cried. Crosby stood still.

"We were talking over some bones," Simons's voice was harsh. "The conductor, Moran, and Alvin Feinberg."

"A moment, something there!" Crosby started.

The chief motioned him to silence once again.

"Vern McLeod, Bill's sweetheart, was in her room," Simons continued, looking off a bit. "All of a sudden, the door opened a little, a man was shined through, and one shot was fired. Bill fell on his face from his chair."

"It stunned all of us. By the time we came out of it and got into the hall, whoever murdered Bill Lord had got away."

Lee Crosby walked, his hands crumpled in the pockets of his coat. Simons gestured broadly, and said:

"So we all left. I can't have needed like that ever else. I went to the Commissioner and then came here, I've told you all I know, and I am sure you that neither I, the girl, Moran or Feinberg fired that shot. So keep us out."

"You aren't telling the truth!" Crosby spat viciously. "What were you afraid of it that I'll uncover the—" He suddenly shut his mouth. It would be best, much the best, if they thought he didn't know about the killing of Flynn and those heads. Let this story picture think he was the lone Murder was murder saying you looked at it."

The chief looked at Crosby oddly, then sighed his relief.

"I'll do everything in my power—under cover, of course—to aid in getting the one who killed Bill," Simons said. He went away. The chief looked at Crosby's face, then he, too, went out.

Lee feared her husband a second eye of office, and his death it before he said, "Bill Lord was killed last night." Said it just like that with no expression in the words.

The woman gaped, then sat back. "It means a lot to me?" Crosby asked, saying her steadily.

"You—Lee, you've heard everything."

His head bowed "Only a hint."

She faced him frankly. "Bill Lord when tried to make love to me," she said, her head held high. "He never could. And because you would never have believed he was not your friend, because it would have hurt you, I kept it quiet. You believe it now, do you, Lee?"

"I believe Bill Lord was anything you say."

She sat wordless while he struggled with his water-soaked coat and shuddered out. For once that dominating spoke seemed just a weak. A tired piece of that.

He diagnosed his fate in the corner of the black—his black of destiny. To the corner below Lord's apartment. He a cheery voice greeted him.

He turned. A sturdy little man, his face beaming over the mound of apples and pears that loaded his corner fruit-stand, made a motion that Crosby should help himself.

"Damn good things, them fruit Martin's better for hangover—"

"Me?" Crosby asked hollowly. "I got no hangover."

The dark little man showed, white with "No hangover?" he parroted. "Sure, you plenty washed last night."

"I was? How do you know?"

The smile became more teasing. "You come by here. You walk away too steady. You talk to self. Me, I can say 'Hello, Sam?' You look at me, eyes all clear. But you no see me."

"Sorry," Crosby muttered, without on. Why try to explain that he hadn't been drunk—just going about as a hell-born, red-headed man?

He went into the apartment house, his footsteps muffled in a floor. The place was gloomy and subdued that time of the morning. He felt the gray mood, himself as he stood up and came slowly along the hall.

He put a key in the door that had been Bill Lord's and went into the place and looked around again. He gnawed his lips thoughtfully and went to stand at a window, looking

down on a still rain-swept street.

Simons, Moran, Feinberg and Bill's girl. Not one of them could have killed Lord. "But one of them must have hired the killer! And when I put the killer, I'll give it out of hand!"

Back in his office, his fatigue subsided to the graveness of his task, his hatred of killers and his desire to see them in the chair, Lee Crosby started things. He called for the pictures of the points which had been taken the night before, and then went to the bureau to check on them himself.

There were prints of Bill Lord, the girl, the other three. An enlargement of Simons, and he put them aside. There was another picture there, the wheels, legs and ridges plainly to be seen. That was a picture of fingerprints found on the inner door of the apartment.

Closely, Crosby searched the film, but he found no prints to match the man they had found. And then palp-up in his throat, he went back to his own office, where he pressed his own finger to an ink pad and then to a clean sheet of paper. It didn't take a magnifying glass to tell him the prints matched. The marks found on the inner door were those of Crosby himself. He told himself he might have thought of that.

A blind alley here. A blind alley up which a dirty killer hid! Lee Crosby swore softly and jerked open a drawer of his desk. "Simons first!" he muttered aloud, brought a box of cigarettes on the desk. He thrust a few into his coat pocket and put the box away.

He was going to get Simons in a spot where police would do no good. Then he would make Simons talk. And if Simons made a stall—Watkins-dated Lee Crosby reached back and drew his gun. The feel of it was soothing to the hand. Whoever killed Bill Lord had killed Flynn's murderer. But the killer of Bill Lord still had to pay!

The big police revolver clicked softly as Crosby rolled the cylinder under his palm.

"Huh!" The exclamation growled in his throat. And then Lee Crosby's eyes grew very wide, while the breath made soft hissing sounds between his teeth. He shook the cylinder out and poured the shafts into his palm. One of the cartridges in that gun had been fired!

He sniffed the muzzle, and sniffed freshly burned powder there.

Sweet powder in a toy river down one side of his nose. He rinned the gun walked out and went downstairs. The target range was deserted, and he was glad. His hands trembled as he set up a piece of padding and stepped back. He had to rest his pistol to steady it for a shot.

It took him a long, long time to dig the bullet from the padding, and then he stood there, holding it in his hand. Slowly he went upstairs and into the office of the ballistics expert.

There was glinting in the eyes of

Lee Crosby when the man gave his report. "You've got something, Lee," he said, putting the bullets back into the detective's hand—hands that seemed parched or asleep. "Those bullets were fired by the same gun."

"Yes," Lee Crosby said softly. "I guess I've got something."

He went down the front steps and along the street, heedless that he wore no hat or coat. A windmill of misery ran inside his aching head. He tried to think. He had two guns, and one of them he kept at home. Could one of those—the gun that had killed Bill Lord—have been used, then substituted?

"Lose!" he croaked wretchedly, from the innermost depths of his tortured soul. He forced his mind to clarify.

No, that couldn't be. When he'd set down to coffee that morning he'd not left aside his gun. He was positive of that.

A haze seemed to envelop him—a dreadful numbness wherein his mind refused to function. He wandered on

through the rain and cold, not knowing where he went. Yet, subconsciously, he lived again another period, wherein he'd been this careless way.

What was it the first vendor had said? "You look at me all day. But you no see me."

That was right. He couldn't remember seeing the old man. But then he couldn't even remember leaving Lord's flat. What did he remember? He tried going back, re-enacting the scene, hearing again the voices.

"You wouldn't mind grabbing his wife either, eh?" That came again at his heart and he heard the raging in his ears. What then?

Crosby pushed on, letting his thoughts wander where they would. Somewhere, he told himself, in the back passages of his mind, there must be the secret, the record of his own actions from that moment until the time, he knew not how long after, when he had become aware of himself walking towards headquarters.

And then he saw it all. Not in a

flash, but as a story unfolding itself, himself the main character—a man seeking vengeance, not for Flynn's murder, but for a trust betrayed, an outraged pride.

On and on. His face aged years, his swinging walk was the shamble of the old, and his shoulders were stooped. Lee Crosby did not feel well or cold. He walked through Hall.

The chief looked up and rocked in a breath. Could this aged, bent and humped ghost be the Lee Crosby of a few hours ago? Had the man gone mad? Was his mind cracking under the strain of Bill Lord's death, or was it because the years of hiding murder had unsettled almost to a vania? Lee Crosby pulled a badge from his vest. He took headlands and keys and let them spill from shaking fingers to the desk. He slowly drew his gun and dropped it.

"I think all murderers—ought to pay," Lee Crosby croaked.

"You here, placing order against the killer who murdered Bill Lord?"



Passes at Glasses

By GIBSON



In the beginning sun-glasses were made and worn for the sole purpose of protection from sun-gleam, ultra violet rays, and remembering the saying, "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," as an optical hide-out from wolves.



They were next adopted by theatrical and movie stars as a disguise against attracting undue attention to themselves in public.



They were next adopted by every other who wished to give the impression that they were theatrical stars or movie stars in disguise, etc. etc.



As they grew in popularity the designs changed to a more decorative level, thereby saving the daylight out of many unwary male.



Then came the plastic streamlined ultra models. These are equipped with everything but wind-scan wipers and diemans. As really marvelous, if you have the ears and nose to cope with the weight.



All things being equal it should not be long now before some bright genius decides to combine the lot in one model. That, really, should be a day worth waiting for.

Passing Sentences

There are two kinds of ladies in the world—some are interested in the faces, others in the backs.

A filing cabinet is a place where you can lose things systematically.

No matter how flat your conversation, a woman likes to have it flatter.

Poster for a road show: 38 Beautiful Girls — 45 Garish Costumes.

The man who hears only of his ancestors condones he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive.

A bank is an institution that will always lend you money if you can prove you don't need it.

To have a hobby is to engage in hard work you would be ashamed to do for a living.

Opportunity knocks only once, but temptation bangs on the door far more.

Patience is a minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

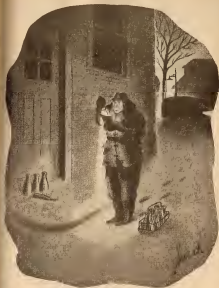
The best cure for a broken heart is to get it broken again.

Marriage is not a destination, but a journey.

She had an one of those black marks that pick up everything.

One can give a really unbiased opinion only about things that do not interest one.

The man who sees both sides of a question is a man who sees absolutely nothing.



"Milkman. Please leave two quarts of milk and one half pint of cream every other day, except the day after the one you leave three quarts, when I want only two and a half pints of cream and one quart of milk. On the other days just leave one quart of milk."



Working at Earl's is hard. The girls are called on for numerous acts and a dozen costume changes in an evening, living rehearsals. In the repair room they work fast. The competence with which they take their cue betrays the fact of work.

THE HOUSE THAT **EARL** BUILT

In Hollywood where showgirls are glorified and glamorized in the way that only Hollywood knows, Earl Carroll built a house, not of bricks and mortar, but of beauty and talent with foundations of trust. For material he used dirty-old beautiful girls and with the aid of artists and artisans, under his personal direction, there evolved the Earl Carroll Revue. Judging from this picture Earl knew how to get the best out of his cuties, and though death came to him tragically last year, the tradition he created still goes on in show business.





To give one of his girls the star role was Earl's tribute to character as well as talent. Earl was right on the ball when he gave the prize to Beryl Wallace. Well, after all, he was Earl Carroll. He knew show business.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



A synthetic chemical made to relieve hayfever, hives and other allergies, has surprised its discoverers by being as effective as a powerful narcotic for seasickness. Named Dramamine, its seasickness test was carried out last December with 134 men on the American Army Transport General Balkin on an Atlantic crossing. Less than two per cent who took the Dramamine capsules developed the sickness.

Patients who are paralyzed in the throat can now regain their ability to swallow as the result of an operation for which doctors experimented on monkeys before carrying it out successfully on an ex-aeroman, who, as the result of gunshot, had been compelled to take his food through a tube leading to the stomach. It is reported that he can now take any kind of food and is engaged in manual work.

Selfs drugs and penicillin are now being prepared from complications arising from measles, and now the danger of measles death, encephalitis, and loss of strength, is being lessened by immune serum globulin which comes from blood. Blood saved for the lives of the war wounded is now being used for this purpose.

Doctors are now using electric shock treatments as a prophylactic against the return attacks of mental disease in patients who have recovered. A single electric convulsion is ordered about once a month in the patients, starting after recovery from the most recent shock.

A detector something like a phonograph pickup is now being utilized for locating goldmines. The apparatus consists of a surgical probe held in a handle which contains a minute ceramic piezo-electric element. Sound waves travel through the probe to the crystal and are there turned into small electric currents which are carried by means of a telephone cable to an amplifier. Pennsylvania State College where Lebering has been responsible for the detector will place it on the open market so that it may be available to the greatest number of people needing it.

A fatty acid found in sweat has been made into a powder, an ointment and pills, in the hope that it will assist relief in patients suffering from itchy skin diseases. Some cases have been effected but sufficient time has not elapsed to ensure that patients will not suffer a recurrence of their disease.

Revised by MAURICE F. RAYMOND
As told by PAUL D. GREEN



SECRETS OF SHINTO MIRACLES

According to this writer, Japan's zero girls—the human bombs who flew their planes into allied ships—were last offerings at the Shinto altar

WHEN I read recently that General MacArthur had divorced the Shinto religion from the Japanese government, my thoughts flew back to the fall of 1935 when I played the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo.

My local manager, Edward Ramsey, an Englishman, told me many sensational stories of the supposedly supernatural powers of Shinto priests. Ramsey was a "big game man," married to a Japanese woman, but was happy despite being ostracized from British social circles.

From what Ramsey told me of these Shinto miracles, the Oracles of Boiling Water, the Sword and of Fire, I concluded that ordinary stage magic was being used to sell Shinto to the unimaginative Nipponese worshippers.

"Usually, I've preached how Shinto priests walk on red-hot coals," Ramsey confessed, "and poor audience

water on themselves and climb up a ladder of sharp swords without injury."

"There's an answer to everything," I said ambiguously. "You just to see a miracle or supernatural manifestation that didn't have a perfectly logical explanation. I'd like to see these wonders of yours."

"It may be dangerous," he replied, "but I think it can be managed. My wife and her brother are attending the rites at the next festival, their holy festival. She can arrange to have you attend, but for God's sake be careful!"

That is why, during the leisure season, I went to the Port of Kobe in costume—the only time in my life that I donned myself offstage. In outer robe, old straw sandals, watch-rope hat and dark glasses, I was taken to a clearing in front of a large neglected temple at the edge of Kobe

Park. Before Ramsey's Jag brother-in-law led me to the ritual grounds, he frisked me to make sure I had no weapons or cameras.

A barb, red-painted iron fence protected the temple from the outside. The symbol of Shinto and of Japan—a huge sunburst, was emblazoned in gold on the entrance gates. Several dozen Japs knelt patiently on floor mats, their shoes beside them, their hands clasped in their laps. My companion and I remained the same uncomfortable position.

It was high noon when Yagokoro, the Boiling Water Oracle, began. In the centre of a section squared off with bamboo poles and rope, a large wooden-lidded cauldron was set on a tripod above an open fire. A skinny priest, his string beard hanging from his prob like dirty hemp, supervised the proceedings. His dusky white robe was punctuated by a blood-red sash, and he muttered strange incantations to the native gods which Shinto credited.

The priest held a gasket, a wand with paper strip attached, and reached into the pot to dispense the evil spirit in the water. He picked up two bamboo sticks with broad ends, lifted off the pot-cover when steam began emitting from it, and swamped the bamboo into the shimmering water. The contents overflowed and steam blazed from the fire beneath, half obscuring the priest. He lashed the water in a frenzy, flung sprays of it overhead with the bamboo wands, and drenched himself with what must certainly have been scalding water.

When the steam cleared, the priest emerged, traces of vapor rising from his soaked garment, giving him the appearance of a specter in a London fog. The triumphant glare in his eyes beguiled his audience, at having vanquished the evil spirit in the outraged element that could not burn him, the practitioner of Buddhism, or any one Koshikane, the suicidal sage

in Jap weariness is a blood-colour of this god-like character.

"That's not even a good trick," I muttered to my friend. "I've seen Hindu fakirs in Calcutta plunge themselves into vats of boiling liquid."

"Bibi," warned Ramsey, "This is the Oracle of Fire-Hisami!" my friend nod, settle back.

"They will have to go some to match the fire walks I've seen done by Hindu fakirs. The Hindus train their minds until they actually are immune to pain."

It was getting towards dark. Attendees had lost a hat of straw about fifteen to eighteen feet long and five or six feet deep, heaped coils on it and set it alight. They added chunks of soft pine to increase the flames. Soon it was completely dark, and the glow of the fire produced a weird effect which increased as the flames suddenly subsided into a blanket of angry orange. A band of temple musicians blew plaintively on shrilly reed instruments, heightening the air of mystery.

"Here they come," said my friend. A band of olive Shinto priests emerged from the temple gates and filed towards the fiery altar. The high priest moved for silence. He stooped down and rubbed his feet with a substance near the fire-bed. His face was etched with sinning shadows and molasses of light from the flames. His gasket had streamers of white paper trailing from it, with Japanese characters printed on them.

"They are the devil-chasers," my companion explained, though explanation seemed scarcely necessary.

Bracing himself, the shrunken oldster advanced his right foot towards the coals, passing a second before marching quickly through the entire length of the fire-bed. He flinched his neck about him as he walked to dispense the evil spirits.

Other priests copied his example, after first rubbing their feet in the

substance near the edge of the fire. The plaintive wail of the wind instruments grew more insistent.

I took advantage of the excitement to sleep down and snore up a handful of the substance which they spread on their feet. As I stretched up I noticed a pair of cheeks, burned like in front of me and I glanced up into the enormous-looking face of the high priest. Had he seen my stealthy action?

I bowed gravely, smiling sheepishly, and bolder my head to my chest as if in embarrassment. He scowled then bowed his head in a grin and shuffled away. I breathed a sigh of relief. Shortly, Mrs. Ramsey approached me, looking worried.

"We go now, Miss Raymond please," she whispered, and led us quickly out of the park. As we passed through the gates I noticed a white-clad figure separate itself from a huddle around the dying fire and head towards us. We hurried along, but were intercepted, and finally we reached the burman section of Kobe. We reported to Ramsey's hotel where his Japanese wife sat quietly in the corner of the dining room as we talked.

"What did you think of the war-dance?" Ramsey asked. "Did you see through them all?"

"They're very impressive stunts all right," I replied, "but they're tricks and nothing else."

"Really?" he commented, skeptically. "How do you account for the boiling water not blistering the guests?"

"He was as safe as you are in a spirit house. In the first place, he undoubtedly has prepared himself for this by hardening his skin through a series of immersions in water of increasingly hot temperature. The water was in a large, deep, clay pot as you noticed. He simply made use of physics. When cold water is heated, particularly in a non-metallic vat, the

boiling is due to the hot water on the bottom forming its way up through the cool water to the top. To make it worse, he used spring water, the coldest natural water available.

"The pot heats slowly, on the bottom and not on the sides like today's aluminum pots, so that the top water was not heated at all, although you saw bubbles. Then all he did was scoop up quantities of the cool top water with the small amount of heated water represented by the bubbles. When it struck the coal right on, it got what little heat was left and by the time it landed on him, it was quite harmless. The steam it created by landing on the fire only made it look more dangerous than it really was."

"It sounds logical," said Ramsey, "but I'd hate to try it. What about the fire-walking?"

"An old trick, too. Look at this stuff I found near the fire, which they rubbed on their feet."

"It looks like coarse salt," Ramsey said.

"Exactly, but it's more than that. Here, dip your tongue in it."

Ramsey tasted it and made a wry grimace, prodding his lips.

"Ah-ho!" he exclaimed. "What's the connection?"

"The mixture of salt and soil on the soles of their feet helped lessen the friction of the hot. Japs have pretty tough soles anyway from walking in their straw sandals, and they harden their feet until they're like crocodile hide by long walks on stones and gravel. In any case, they weren't even satisfied with these precautions. When I got up from the salt-and-sand pile I noticed what the priest was trying to hide from me. Through the middle of the fire-bed was a narrow carpet of dead coals the feet could beaved and extruded. From the front they were invisible. The spectators saw only the front view of their souls. The priests who walked through

kept within that narrow runner of warm embers, and I'll bet it was no worse than traversing a warm blanket as comfortable."

"That sounds reasonable," Ramsey agreed.

At that moment, there was a heavy knock on the door. A flower-looking Jap police officer stalked in, Mrs. Ramsey smiling behind him.

He handed me an envelope, smiling toothily and bowing low. I knew it was my walking papers.

"Ten leave Japan at once," he said. "So sorry."

I haven't been back to Japan since, but my friend Ramsey kept in touch

with me. He left his wife and went into business in Hongkong. When England fell out as Germany, he joined the Army in Hongkong. He was still a member of that Jackless gamma when the Japs overran it.

Many times during recent years, I recalled that episode in Kobe. The spirit of the gods displaced there, kamikaze, which sent Zero pilots hurtling into our battleships and carriers.

There's little doubt in my mind that if Shintooism had been dissolved years ago and the Japs allowed freedom of worship, the Pacific struggle, if it had occurred at all, would have been much briefer and less sanguinary.



When they lost their children in a mysterious manner Breton farmers were grief-stricken.



THE REAL-LIFE



SYDNEY GEORGE EBBETT

WITHOUT doubt the most popular classic of children's literature produced in English or French language is Frenchman Charles Perrault's "Contes de Mère l'Oye." "Tales of Mother Goose" to you. By no means the least famous yarn of the series is Bluebeard. You and I may regard the murderous adventures of the horrible killer of curious wives as best so much hooey, but the Breton people of France knew that there was a terribly real Bluebeard who, centuries ago, terrified their forebears for eight nerve-shattering years.

Call him, if you like, a victim of jealousy, for his national granddaddy was the notorious Jean de Creon, a vicious and monstrous character into whose charge the boy fell when he was only eleven years of age. His great grandmother was the crazy Jean La

Folle, remember, however, that he came too from the house that produced Bertrand de Guesclin, one of France's greatest heroes.

Perhaps his downfall could be attributed to environment, for, from his earliest youth, his companions were libertines and seducers whose unbridled excesses were practiced under notice of social station. However he be judged, it cannot be denied that Gilles de Laval became a man beyond redemption: a man whose infamy was so enormous that even the transmission of his dying fell short of true justice. Living as an aristocrat in an age when rape and murder were the accepted prerogatives of the aristocracy, he was eventually spurned and despised by his peers and hated and feared by his inferiors.

He was born into nobility in France

during the first half of the fifteenth century. He was born to riches and became the lord of a number of manors. Gilles de Laval distinguished himself as a soldier early in his career. He also distinguished himself as a spendthrift and an indulgent in abnormal practices which included homosexuality.

Professor Thomas Wilson, in his biography of the man, describes him physically as "Tall, handsome and well formed. He showed in his face, figure and in every movement, his pride and spirit. He had a high, rather broad forehead; his nose was prominent and slightly aquiline, the nostrils were large and thin and, on occasions of anger, spread and quivered in an unbecoming and threatening manner. His lips were rather thin but well colored, and had a tinge of delicate and refined sensuality. Like many of the Breton race his complexion was fair, his eyes large and blue, and his eyebrows and lashes long and black. His hair was also long and black and beard the same. It was soft and silky and with its raven blackness became shiny, giving it a tinge of blue black, which may have served as a foundation in that country for the name Bluebeard."

While nobleness and successful soldier Gilles Laval was still in his twenties French legends were circulating of a young lass and her vision at Doucey. The travels of Jean de Aray across France, her aids passing through many towns and her presentation to a painful march on history. Her exploits in Western France in the vicinity of his barony, and her ably bearing and personality, completely captivated Gilles Laval. He became her devoted follower and a reformed character. He was appointed Marshall of France and dmn of the barons-high orders for any French nobles. Had the Mar of Orleans not been captured and executed, the story of Bluebeard may never have been written. However, such was the

bric of Saint Joan of Arc, and after her death at the stake the newly awarded Marshall of France relapsed once more into his life of extravagant indulgence. He gathered about himself an enormous retinue and sank himself into an environment of remarkable luxury and dissipation which soon produced a hollow rattle in the family coffers. The nobles and soldiers of France became defame, rubber, rapine, treachery and murder. His character and conduct changed. He became obsessed with a desire to discover the Rhyme of Life and the fabulous Philosopher's stone which was said to change base metals to gold. Undoubtedly a heady idea for him at this time.

A large portion of Western France suddenly became unpleasantly excited by an undefined fear. There was a vagueness and uncertainty in the attitude of the superstitious peasants about strange happenings which set there to staying indoors after dark and lowering their voices when discussing what was frightening them and covering their doors with the poor people's legends of nervous tremors. Tales were told of children, small and large, who had vanished into thin air. The knowledgeable ones spoke in whispers of the Evil One and magic and the supernatural. Parents worked and lived in fear and walked in terror of the misdeeds which might spark away the young of their families. Boys and girls from six to sixteen would wander from home and disappear, leaving no trace or evidence of the fate which might have befallen them. The terror was unaccounted, unavailing and inevitable.

Gilles Laval in his search for the formula for conversion to gold of the most precious metals brought into his retinue a certain regularly capable alchemist named Poulet. Poulet Poulet may or may not have had faith in his own ability to evolve the elusive gold-producing formula. That is a debatable point. What is certain is

that Prehn was a capable and successful practical psychologist. His initial demonstration of horning legends in various crucifixes and talismans and incantations made physics was how a faithful sponsor. The alchemist is said to have used phosphorus and sodium to produce the colourful effects which really influenced his patron. The failure of early experiments was blamed by the alchemist to be due to some missing elements necessary for accomplishment.

He declared that the operation could hope for success only if hearts, hands, eyes and the blood of young children were added to the mixture. At a pinch the hearts, hands and eyes might be overlooked, but the blood was absolutely necessary for the transmuting of metals into gold. Laval, deservingly in need of the precious formula, put some of the most trusted members of his following in the task of secretly kidnapping the unfortunate youngsters who were to be victims for the objective. The history of fifteenth century France unfortunately records their success. Wandering children were seized to one or another of the baron's various manors, or were snatched by his henchmen when out of sight of parents or public.

The enticement technique was handled with marked success by an old Madame Le Muffras, who travelled through a series of villages using lollies and toys as lure for unsuspecting juvenile victims. The diabolical Madame appears to have been illegitimately endowed with a motherly attitude which begot confidence in the doctored children. Boys looking after sheep in outlying areas were easy prey for Laval's henchmen. The shepherd boy would be grabbed and thrown across a middle and his cries, even if heard, wouldn't attract assistance or witnesses to the scene of abduction before the horseman was well on his way. Some lone young people were coerced in streets and fields outside villages and offered immediate jobs in Laval's

employment, on honour to any non-believer. Their acceptance was their death warrant.

Eight years of fear of the occult, eight years of quavering in nameless dread and hiding from the unknown had elapsed before a few of the more sane inhabitants of the occupied area began to notice that all the drastic happenings were confined to a large area of which Nantes was the approximate centre. Automatically the thoughtful few turned to their senior churchman for advice. The Bishop of Nantes had already been applying logic to the whole cruel business. The Laval manors and employees were identified as potentially connected with each locus. Eventually he produced a "Declaration of Inquiry" against Gilles. "Upon public rumors and numerous reports" it stated that it was shown that he had "strangled, killed and voluntarily massacred a very large number of children; that he has committed upon these crimes against nature; that he has made or caused to be made, numerous horrible avowals of devours, he has made to these avowals and offerings and has passed a compact with them, without counting other crimes, numerous and enormous."

Baron Gilles Laval and a number of his henchmen were tried ecclesiastically and civilly.

Naturally he was found guilty of all charges stated. Rousseau agrees that he was responsible for the slaying of at least two hundred children. Some declare the figure at eight hundred to a thousand.

The long suffering citizens of Brittany displayed the illogic of superstition by commemorating his suffering in death and perpetuating his name and memory with the erection of an altar upon the site of the execution. A niche in the altar is said to have been left for mutilation of a statue of the nobleman-monster. It is still vacant.



"Glad to see you with us again, Mr. Willoughby. So sorry to hear about the terrible area."

NARROW FRONTAGE



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 54)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

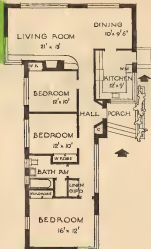
The long narrow building block calls for a different approach to the planning problem than does the more orthodox suburban block. It is usually desirable to preserve a narrow front to the street, to allow the maximum of garden on each side and thus create an illusion of greater width to the land.

CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a three-bedroom home which can be accommodated in a block of land with a frontage of 40 feet.

The entrance porch is located near the centre of the building to reduce the walking distance to the various rooms. The three bedrooms with the bathroom placed between them, are arranged as a separate block.

The second block consists of a living room with a dining room opening from it and the kitchen. The living and dining rooms each feature large windows which command a view over the rear garden.

The area of this three-bedroom house is 1,330 square feet.



The world's best CON MEN



Over a good deal, done a beautiful friendship is formed and a confidence created. Then comes awakening.

ANTHONY STROONG

A WHILE back, the boys at the Police Department gathered around an encyclopaedia of international confidence men—a publication issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York, and therefore worthy of deep study. Apart from the thought of adding to their lore, they turned over page after page at photographs, and their eyes lost the eager glint.

"It was just like looking at a family album," murmured one detective. "On a book you've read a dozen times before. Most of the faces were as familiar to us as our own." And then a little possibly he added: "And nearly 30 per cent of the subjects were Australians."

The story confirms a theory that

has made Australian con men as famous abroad as Dan Bradman or the Sydney Harbour Bridge; that, should a pauper and sturdy man enter a police station in Paris, London or New York to tell of a Friendly Stranger, one of the first questions asked is, "Did the fellow have an Australian accent?"

Quite often, the fellow did.

What makes our con men the world's best? No one has ever given a truly satisfactory reason, but one school of thought attributes the honor to the fact that we are a small country. A man, guessing that he possesses the gift, finds so few people on whom to exploit his silver tongue that he is impelled to pursue his calling overseas.

"At the moment," says an authority,

"there are no more than four top con men in Australia. The place is too small to support and more. And, remember, I speak top men, the men who deal in tens and hundreds of thousands of pounds. But overseas reports continue to tell us that the many exiles are still doing good business. They don't often return to Australia, because they know we're waiting for them."

"However, at the outbreak of war they came back in droves. Detectives, waiting at the wharves, had field days. One man was arrested on a charge dating back to 1917. At the end of the war most of them went back to Europe. Those who stayed got runned up in blackmarkets—which is a bit out of their line—and either made fortunes or made good."

There exists between police and con men a relationship more than a little unusual between bodies of opposite forces. The smart rogues, dressed well, speaks well, frequent the best hotels, is a competent (and usually honest) card player, can at parties tell a joke that doesn't exceed well-bred limits and in all is an excellent companion. He considers beneath his notice the credulous, the petty liar, the con man and other crooks whose professions lack finesse, and he regards the police as antagonists against whom he pits his brains with benignity in keeping with his half-drawn-wall-mat personality.

The detective accepts the honor with equal goodwill. In relaxed moments, con men are apt to speak frankly of their past to the law, and the law is given to making remarks whose until is that the day will come when the con men are inside looking out. When a detective becomes curious about a con man's whereabouts, he does not, as is usual, conduct his search in sham areas; instead, he makes a round of the upper-besket hotels.

And sometimes, he finds his man in deep conversation with a mag or

"guy." Should the con man leave the mag's side for a moment, the detective will probably approach the mag and in a few succinct words point out the undesirability of the mag's mixing with the con man. As often as not, the detective will be told to mind his own business, and that Mr. Brown is a personal friend and must not in the mag's presence be spoken of in such terms.

"And even when we take the sham man to our picture gallery, he often refuses to believe that the man against whom he was warned was really a con man in the trade," says a detective. "You see, it is rarely the man who that approaches the guy who makes the touch. His job is to win the other fellow's confidence, so that any introduction he makes will be accepted as good faith."

It is remarkable, in view of the publicity given to confidence tricks that all weeks are worked on well-defined lines. Early the most popular means of winning confidence is the "wallet gag."

In this, the contact or lead-up man, having created friendly relations with the mag, perhaps suggests a drink. During the subsequent conversation, he will permit the mag to observe his bag full of notes—which, incidentally, may be largely composed of brown paper around which is wrapped a couple of £10 notes; so, to give greater reality, the brown paper may be tipped with the edges of bank notes.

The contact man is in no hurry. A week may lapse, in fact, before the drama moves into the second scene when, whilst walking in the street, the con man points out a wallet lying on the footpath. A glance at the contents shows a business card and indicates that the owner of the wallet lives at a big city hotel. There is also a cheque for perhaps £2,000.

What, asks the mag, are we to do with the wallet? Naturally, it must be

HAPPY RETURN

She went out to dine in a jacket of lapis

Met a waiting fireman, and caught the blaze happen!

She returned from the party clad in flames so fine,

After breakfast of course—stains don't wash off mine!

KAY GRANT

tion of the visitors report the trick to the police.

Vanity and fear of publicity are the chief elements. And often when a report is made, the victim is approached by a third man and persuaded, maybe by an offer to return some of the money involved, not to identify the men who are the police line-up.

The con man, as we have read, works lucratively. Some time back, a man was unmasked into the office of a city business executive. He bore with him a verbal instruction from a third man, resident in New Zealand and a friend of the executive. There is no doubt that the con man had studied thoroughly the backgrounds of both the Australian and the New Zealander, for he was able to convince the executive of his authenticity to the extent that he was asked to the man's home.

He was a stowaway on a boat, he said, and would be back in Australia in a month's time. Would Mr. Executive have dinner with him then? Mr. Executive would.

It was during that engagement that the stranger showed the other the demands he had brought home for a refugee who wished to avoid customs duties.

"They're worth at least \$100 apiece, but the refugee was prepared to let them go at \$25," said the con man, rolling three stones across the palm of his hand. "I've only got three with me, but there's another man where they came from."

Mr. Executive, greedy to make a quick profit, showed interest. Was the offer prepared to have the stones valued by a jeweler? By all means. Now. And so the stones were taken to a reputable jeweler who valued them, say, at \$100 each. The deal was made for the twelve, nine of which were stones.

The "stones for demands" guy had been pulled again. Unless he

wishes to reveal the stones, the \$900 may never find out he's been victimized, for only an expert can tell the difference between stones and demands. But should he take them to a jeweler for valuation, he will quickly be disillusioned about his friend the steward.

You will always, if you are sufficiently keen-eyed, find detectives on the wharves when oceanic ships leave an Australian port. The reason is simple: con men reward ship's passengers at gifts sent from heaven for their explosive explanation.

The well-dressed man who joins you on deck an hour or two before sailing time and holds you in conversation is a con man at his watch and suggests a quick drink before the ship sails. He knows a pub close to the wharf.

During the drink, he remembers that he has to buy a present for Aunt Mary of Wimbleson. There is still time to make it. Will you accompany him up town?

You go to a city building where the man knows a wholesaler, but wait, the present will cost \$700 for Aunt Mary has expensive tastes, and the man, skimming through his roll, has only \$10. He requests a loan till you get back to the ship.

It is difficult to refuse. Remember this man is to be your companion for weeks. He knows that, as a traveler, you must have a good deal of money on your person, so you can't remember the usual excuse that you left your wallet at home. And besides, he's offering you his gold watch worth \$20 as security. You don't want to take it? You must—after all, he says, you don't know him as well as that.

The truth is, you don't know him at all, and you have no chance of improving your acquaintance. Because the man, with your money making a hole in his pocket, leaves you, across the building, and makes a quick

exit by the rear door.

Worse, you have only a few minutes to catch your ship. If you go to the police, you'll miss it. You'll have to identify the con man when he's caught up with. So you make the best of it and keep quiet. All you've got from your friendship is expense and a watch worth maybe \$1.

For men like these, the police have a quick respect which, however, does not prevent them from getting on their tails and staying there until the con man makes the inevitable mistake.

And the police even have a grudging respect for characters like Cressin' Tom, who worked Central Railway Station at Sydney. Cressin' Tom could make friends in a minute, accompany them in a taxi downtown, pull up the taxi on the score that he wanted to make a call, borrow a hunkie \$20 on some pretense, disappear through the door of a building—and just disappear. As quickly as that.

And Cressin' Tom has no income tax worries.

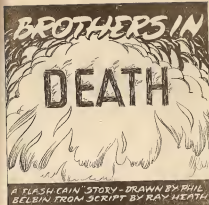


Party Games



Let's urge up all our hatreds,
 Let's think up lots of bad names,
 For the man who at our parties
 Promotes the party games.
 For him the gibbet is far too good.
 And the axe is not good enough.
 Who, firmly removing a glass from my hand
 Initiates Blind Man's Buff
 On him heap all of your curses
 There's nothing too harassing
 For the man whose only reason in life
 Is to make my own embarrassing
 My preference, now, is to fill my hand
 With a nobly-flaming stain,
 And sing with the aid of chosen friends
 The opus, "Sweet Adeline"
 I'd rather even drink cold tea,
 And sing the songs of Sonkey
 Than smelt like some blighted oaf
 At playing Drop the Handkerchief
 I'd rather hear a bad quartette
 Or embryonic bands
 Than join the dancing who prance about
 Pathetically playing Charades.
 Your pardon I'll crave when fun's at its height
 And I'll longingly look at the clock
 When the rest of the crowd, though unwilling
 Is forced to play Patman's Knack
 For better, I think, than this trivia
 With its casual speculation
 Is to find a quiet spot in a corner
 With a girl of my own designation

—BILL DELANY



WEBSTER HILSTON
 TAKES A LAST LOOK
 AROUND THE PLACE
 IN WHICH HE IS
 GOING TO COMMIT
 SUICIDE ... BY ARSON!



HILSTON SATISFIED
 HIMSELF THAT THE
 ONE ARMCHAIR IN
 HIS LIVING ROOM
 WOULD BE A COZY
 PLACE TO ROAST
 SLOWLY TO DEATH...



AS THE FIRE TONGUES SWEEP THROUGH THE PREMISES, WEBSTER HILSTON BOWS OUT SAULDLY FROM A WORLD OF WHICH HE IS SICK - HIS LAST CONSOLING THOUGHT --- HE WAS HEAVILY INSURED ---



THE FIRE WAS TOO QUICK FOR THE BRASS-HATS, BUT IT WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH TO DEPRIVE THE STEADY WORK OF THE ARSON SQUAD



FLASH CAIN APPEARS, TELLS TOOSTON OF THE ARSON SQUAD THAT HE HAS BEEN ASKED BY THE INSURANCE COMPANY TO LOOK AFTER THE CASE



OLD HILSTON CARRY MUCH INSURANCE?

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.



WHO GETS IT?

HIS BROTHER ANGUS BRENT.



TOOSTON PROMISES TO SEND FLASH CAIN A REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATION CAN, MEANWHILE, WILL LOOK UP THE BROTHER, ANGUS BRENT



ANGUS BRENT LIVES IN A RESPECTABLE SUBURBAN STREET! CAIN WONDERES WHY HIS NAME IS NOT LIKE HIS BROTHER'S. HILSTON



BRENT IS NOT AT HOME, AND CAIN HAS A LONG WAIT



MR BRENT'S AWAY



FLASH CAIN, DISCOVERING THAT THE BRENT FAMILY IS AWAY, WONDERES THAT THEY DON'T COME HOME FOR THE TRAGEDY - OR THE INSURANCE



FROM HIS OFFICE CAIN TRIES TO LOCATE BRENT'S OFFICE



--BUT HE DRAWS MANY BLANKS



--AND FINALLY TURNS
TO TODSON--



WHATEVER TODSON'S
FOUND OUT IS ENOUGH
TO SEND FLASH CAIN
RUNNING



TODSON TELLS CAIN
THAT THE FIRE
WAS ARSON--AND
THAT THERE ARE
SUSPICIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES



WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES?



SORRY, CAIN---I CAN'T
COMMIT MYSELF
UNTIL I GET FINAL
REPORTS, BUT IT COULD
MAKE A DIFFERENCE
TO THE PAYMENT OF
THE INSURANCE



KEEP ME POSTED...
BRENT HASN'T TURNED
UP SINCE HIS BROTHER'S
DEATH... HASN'T
EVEN GOT IN TOUCH
WITH THE INSURANCE
PEOPLE



MAY I TALK TO YOU
MR. CAIN?



SOMEWHERE SAFE--
WHAT ABOUT DRIVING
ME AROUND THE
BLOCK IN YOUR CAR?



NOLA DIAMOND SAYS
SHE WAS A FRIEND
OF WEBSTER HILTON'S
AND IS UPSET BY
HIS DEATH



WE DON'T THINK IT
WAS SUICIDE, EITHER



THEN WHAT DO YOU
THINK? HONESTLY,
WEBSTER'S DEATH
HAS UPSET ME
TERRIBLY---I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
BELIEVE



WOULD YOU BELIEVE
IT WAS---MURDER?







Wattle Wisdom

As useful as it is beautiful, Wattle is so called because of its use by Early Settlers



Along with the Kooka, the Kangaroo and the Gum, Golden Wattle—perhaps the greatest glory of the Australian Bush—have become synonymous with everything Australian.

The Australian wandering as some foreigner would is often poignantly reminded of his homeland when he sees these colourful shrubs growing in gardens in Europe and America. Besides missing their golden splendour in a garden, he is often surprised to hear them called 'mimosas'. However, that is indeed the correct name for 'wattle', by which the Australian species has become generally known. It dates from the days when the early settlers used the long plant twigs of the plant in the construction of wattle and daub huts owing to the lack of other building materials.

Besides proving so convenient to the first colonists, wattles have other valuable properties. They sell and fertilisation as they accumulate nitrogen by the activities of bacteria in tubercles formed at their roots. They also yield honey at a time when other

flowers are scarce, several species are stripped for their bark, which is in demand for tanning, and they provide timber, and gum in small quantities.

It is fitting that a plant at the same time so beautiful and so useful should have had a day set aside in its honour and August 1st, 1935, was fixed as the first "Wattle Day". It is a pity that the charming custom of honouring the wattle on August 1st or September 1st (according to the forwardness of the flowering) is not more generally observed.

Even before 'Wattle Day' was thought of, Life Assurance had won an accepted place in Australia. It is just 100 years since the oldest Life Office was opened here and today 1,000,000 Australians have secured their own and their families' future by taking out Life Assurance policies. The reason for the nation-wide popularity of our free and democratic Life Assurance is not hard to understand. It enables the average man to save for any special purpose even a period of years and enables him to bloom the policy most suited to his needs.



He had not always been as honest rider, but Jean believed in him. That was his pay-off.

THE DUCHESS WAS A LADY

BILL DELANY

"IT'S a lot of money," said Trever, and added a dozen more paragraphs with his eyes. Trever was like that: his words sounded like a suggestion, but you knew they were a threat. "It's a lot of money," I agreed. "Then you'll do it?"

It took more courage than I'd thought I had, but I said "no."

"You've worked for me before." He spoke softly, and his lips were in a straight line. He was right: I had worked for him before and it had been a profitable business. I was in the

swing game to make money, and I had realized early in the piece that you don't have to ride winners all the time to do it. Trever went on: "You've got it easy, Pat. I wouldn't like to make it hard for you."

I didn't need a crystal ball to understand what he meant. There were other jockeys who would take it the easy way, and they needed money more than I did. For less than a head-start, I knew, at least one of them would try to stop me winning, even if it meant sending me over the side; a riding boot placed under that of another rider and jerked upwards had caused many a fall before today.

I said: "This time, Mr. Trever, I can't help you. I've got to ride to win."

"And you think Chica Duchess will win?"

"She can't lose, unless—"

Trever's eyes and a look of words, but his lips said:

"Unless. That's right. I stand to lose thirty thousand—unless . . ."

Unless I paid her for you, I thought. Unless a few of the boys gear up on me in running. Unless something happens to me before the race. I felt my spine tingle, and I nearly surrendered. After all, I had at the most a year's riding ahead of me. I had saved a good deal of the money I'd earned, one way or another, but another thousand wouldn't go amiss. Besides, what good would money be to me if I was crippled?

"No. I won't pay her for you. I—don't."

That was wrong. I could stop the filly from winning, and the stewards wouldn't be able to pin a thing on me. It wouldn't be the first time I'd stopped—and I was still in the game. I'd been suspended once or twice for "excessive riding," and more than once, I'd had to stand up to a fair amount of heckling from the crowd. But I was still in the game.

But I was right, too, in saying I

couldn't stop her. I had been a jockey for a long time, and I'd thought that any sentimental thoughts I'd had about the business had gone in the first two years. And then Chica Duchess had come along . . .

Trever was saying: "Thank it over, Pat. If I were you, I'd think it over—that would be the clever thing to do."

I said I'd think about it, and went over to my car. He followed me.

"I've got to know soon, Pat."

I nodded and drove away. When I got home, I went to bed. There was nothing unusual about that: I'd been up and about since four o'clock, and at 3:30, I'd taken the Duchess over four furlongs—and she'd flown over three like a bird. But that time, I didn't go to bed to sleep; I wanted to avoid Jean, my wife. We'd been married for 30 years—and she still thought I was an honest jockey. She was stealthy and guileless and she wouldn't see 40 again, and I wouldn't change her for a film star. We got along fine.

But Jean could tell when I was troubled, and the only secret I'd kept from her was that I wasn't altogether an honest jockey. And that time I was troubled, and I wanted time to think.

I knew, now, that whatever happened, I wasn't going to stop the Duchess. I wasn't going to break the heart of a filly who was all courage—and I knew too, that if I didn't let her do her best, she would never see truly strong.

As I lay on the bed, I was remembering how the Duchess and I had got acquainted. I was seeing a rubber-legged bit of a horse standing, bewildered, beside a mare who would never get up again; seeing Jean sitting for eight hours with the don's head on her lap, the three a jockey guiding her tried to average the best; the Duchess still kept the secret on her shoulder, and they were a symbol of her courage.

The Duchess was a filly born to be

Here is because a world-famous breeder—by two of the best-known breeders of Paris, Jean Lapala and Louis Lecomte:

You begin by scrubbing floors. Then you learn the whole business of hotel-keeping. Next, you learn seven languages and travel around the world so that you can cure his head drunk for a cure from any country. You must have the training of a diplomat, the honesty of a policeman and a restraint enough not to join in a conversation uninvited.

loved—and Jean and I loved her. She was golden, and a bit small, but her heart was the biggest part of her. She was still a baby, and a baby could ride her. Jean had tried to spoil her, and had failed. You couldn't spoil a horse like the Duchesse.

When we left her on the farm with Jim Ross, who bred her, I promised that I'd come back and break her in. And I did. I spent a week breaking her the way a horse should be broken, and that is gently. I taught her to accept the weight of a saddle, to know the feel of the halter and of the bit and of the reins; I was the first man to ride her; and, above all, I taught her to trust me.

She proved that she trusted me the first time I rode her in a race. She was fast and wanted to lead all the way, but when I restrained her, she obeyed. We were fifth into the straight and I gave her her head. I knew she was good but as I felt her cleave forward beneath me I realized that I was riding a champion.

She passed these horses, and the fourth tried to fight it out with her. She covered the other for 50 yards

and for a moment, I expected her to give in. Then, when I shook the whip at her, I knew that she had been running easily. We had the other fifty horses at the farthing. I was pulling her up at the winning post and when I dismounted, she used to nuzzle me.

That was Chère Duchesse. That was the horse they wanted me to stop. And that was one of the reasons why I couldn't do it. The other reasons were Jim Ross and Jean.

Jim was my brother-in-law, and a man who bred horses because he loved them—and because he believed the racing game was all good. He was like Jean. He believed in people, and people trusted Jim. He had never been on a racetrack, and he'd never bet. If he suspected that all jockeys weren't honest, he did not put me second; then that was why he wanted me to breed horses with him when I returned from riding, and that was a nice way, I thought, for a man to spend the rest of his days.

I heard Jean come to the door, and I closed my eyes. A minute or two later, I heard the front door close. She had come out to sleep. I got up and went to the 'phone.

When Trevor answered, I said: "I've given that matter some thought. Chère Duchesse will win, and I'm not playing."

There was a long pause. I was glad that at least I couldn't see Trevor's eyes. Then he said:

"Pat, I'm not playing either. I can't afford to let the filly win. It's a big field, and anything can happen."

I put the receiver back on the cradle, and felt better. Now I knew what to expect. I thought for a while and made some more calls. If Trevor was going to stop me, it wouldn't necessarily happen during the Duchesse's race, so I called the owners of the horses who'd booked me for earlier races and asked them to find other jockeys. I said I didn't feel well enough to take all the nights and

was saving myself for the big race. They grumbled, but agreed to reserve me of the mounts.

Then I rang the exchange and asked them to disconnect my 'phone temporarily. I didn't want Trevor to speak to Jean. I didn't want her worried.

Next day, I moved in to an empty stable alongside the Duchesse's. I told Jean I'd feel happier if I did that, and she made no objection. The trainer, who knew how I felt about the filly, was pleased to have me. He had been on the racing game for a long time, and he didn't share Jim Ross's opinion of it.

The papers got hold of the story, and if Trevor had any idea of getting at the Duchesse instead of me, he had to drop that.

The filly looked a picture. The stable-boys loved her almost as much as I did, and took a pride in keeping her looking like the champion she was.

Then it was Saturday. I stayed with the Duchesse till the boys walked her to the stables, and drove my car alongside her for the 400 yards that separated the stables and the start.

She had many victories that day, the Duchesse, and she played her part. She was ready to win the race of her life—unless. If anyone had come closer to her than six feet, I think I'd have murdered him.

Trevor came. He looked at the Duchesse, then at me, his eyes were afire. He wanted until we were alone.

"There's still time to change your mind, Pat," he said. "The affair's still good."

"I'm sorry I'm reliving her to you."

"What's paying you?" For a man, there'd be my pension; and a present. That was all—except that the Duchesse would still trust me, and her heart would still be in Jim Ross. I would have his first great success as a breeder and owner. And Jean would still think I was an honest jockey.

That was the pay-off—all the pay-off I wanted, now.

I said: "Nobody. It's past that I'm retiring now, and I want to leave the race the right way."

Trevor laughed. "After 30 years of playing the wrong way. The only way to play this game, Pat, is the honest way. You know that. It'll double my offer."

I shook my head. "I'll pay five hundred over what the others are paying you."

I started to speak, but stopped. How could I explain, at least to a man like Trevor, that I was throwing away a couple of thousand because I loved a woman, a man, and a horse? Trevor wouldn't understand that. I hardly understood it myself.

I was thinking what if the Duchesse should get beaten on her marks. There were more good horses in the field, one of them just ahead of the filly in the betting. I knew she would win, but thousands of people would sweep her defeat as one of the things that happen on a racetrack. It would, as Trevor said, be the only way.

I was thinking these things, but I wasn't believing them. If the Duchesse lost, it would be because she had been stopped, and while I was thinking, I knew that defeat wouldn't be my fault.

"No," I said. "Why don't you cover yourself by backing the filly?"

He laughed again.

"The two and a half thousand I'm offering you is all I've got in the world. It wouldn't bring me free if I backed her. No, it's all or nothing."

"It will be nothing."

"Maybe. But a couple of thousand can do a lot of good—or bad—with the right people."

I turned away and walked over to the Duchesse. She threw her head up, and I caught it under my arm. Trevor looked at us both. His eyes spoke a lot more than his lips. He said:

"A pretty picture for the papers."

I hope the men that appear at you both are as pretty."

I watched him go, and stood for a while with the Duchess before the trainer came to saddle the filly. Then I went to the jockey's room. I tried to joke with the boys, but all the time I was wondering which one—or two or three—would be making sure that the filly wouldn't win.

In my mind, I studied the field. Obviously, in a race as rich as this, most of them would be trying to win and the danger would probably come from a jockey riding an outsider. Which one? I decided to watch the jockeys who were three on either side of my stable at the start. After that.

The bell called us, and we went into the paddock. As I walked the Duchess avoided. I saw Trever. He was whispering to her. That, I thought, was the signal to get Plan B into operation. Someone was warning for that signal, and I wished I could catch who was repeating it—but you can't watch 20 jockeys at the same time.

The Duchess and I went through our preliminary, and as I felt her power a great overwhelming confidence came to me. This was the Duchess—the greatest horse I had known, and this was her day.

The horses came quickly into line. I glanced at my neighbors. I knew down all by their Christian names, and I had laughed and had a beer with most of them. I couldn't believe that one of them might get me over the rails—and I remembered that I had played this game the dirty way myself. I hadn't played a rough-and-ready game, but I had stopped horses from winning as surely as though I had.

It took the starter one minute to get the field away, and it seemed like an hour. I found myself talking wordlessly to the Duchess.

Lady, I was saying. I'm going to ask

more of you than I should at any time. I'm going to ask more of myself than ever before. This time, Lady, we've got to be one body because I'm going to get a horse on the field, and you've got to come with me the moment I kick you. We've got to be flat out, because the thing can happen here. Be with me, Lady.

And then the tapes went up and the Duchess was with me—a full half length ahead of the rest. She had done what I had asked of her—but the race had just begun. I kicked her again and she left them. From the middle of the field, I could have gone to the rails—but I didn't. Because if the Duchess had a falling, it was that she couldn't run along in front. And I couldn't let her fall back in the field if she were near the rails. That might be the end of us both.

I kept her wide out. I was asking more of her than should have been asked of any horse to cover an immense amount of extra ground, so that she was so far in the open that only a madman would attempt to stop her.

And she would have to be a true champion to be able to be there at the finish.

I pulled her back so that there were other horses ahead of her. That was what she liked to stay in the middle of the field, for company's sake, until I asked her to go. But I was still a dozen yards out from the rails, and alone.

On the rails the horses were bunched, and I breathed a prayer of relief that we weren't amongst them. I guessed that the leader was five lengths ahead of us at the four furlongs post, a distance that was going to take a lot of running up. At the three there had been changes, but we were still trailing. It was getting desperate now, for I had hoped that at the straight entrance I would have at the least only two or three horses to run with. But they were all



THE BRAND
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hunched, and I was afraid to get into the stirrups.

We came into the straight in the middle of the track, and I could feel that mighty heart pumping but beneath me. There was peace in my own as I tried to estimate the chances. From now on, the run would be straight for all the horses, but the Daubens had taken a lot out of her—aid by covering the extra ground.

I glanced across, now there were only two horses ahead of us—two horses that had kept close to the rails the whole distance, two horses that were still full of running.

And I could feel the great pounding of the Dauben's heart, and feel her stirring beneath me.

Loaf, my mind was saying, I should let you drop out of it, but I knew you feel as I do. Don't blame me, lady—it's for fear of us. I'm going to hit you with the whip.

I hit her, the first time I'd ever done so, and there was a great shock within her, I knew, as I did it. And then, with mighty power generated from that heart, she jumped forward.

I had won it. I didn't need to look at the judge's box to know that. The roar of the crowd told me that the Daubens had made new friends—and the shouting told me I'd lost none. These were saying that she'd won despite me. The Daubens stood quietly with hooves flanks wide I demurely.

Then, with a great sigh she looked over on her side.

She looked at me then—the Daubens, with eyes that were big as plates, and the message I read as there was faith—an understanding that what had happened, though beyond her knowledge, was right. I stepped bearing the hoofs of the crowd and heard only the purring of a great horse.

She tried to run—but fell back. I crouched and pulled her head to my lap. The sweat of her stained my

forehead. I was talking to her again, telling her, without words, why I had had to do it. And I was asking her forgiveness.

Her breathing was not so fierce now, and her pulsing flanks were beginning to subside. I ran, not knowing how long we'd been there, not even seeing. But I had to weigh in.

I hopped gently at her head—and this time she made it. She stood trembling as I took off the saddle. There was whispering, but I knew it wasn't for me. These never would be handclaps on a racetrack for me anymore.

How could I explain why I had to keep her out wide. And in any case, I didn't want to explain as long as the filly—and Jess and Jim—kept their faith.

I went to weigh-in.

Fifteen minutes later I got a call from the stewards.

"Bovens," said the chief steward. "We are told that Chas Daubens will never race again. Frankly, we are blaming you for it. You kept the filly in the middle of the field throughout and rode, to my the best, an ill-judged race. If you hadn't pulled the whip—or if the filly hadn't won—we'd have sent you up. Have you anything to say?"

"No," I said. I couldn't have said any more. I was almost crying.

"Then you can go. But, Bovens, you're getting on in years. Do you think you should apply for your license next season?"

It was a nice way of telling me that my application wouldn't be granted if the stewards had any say in the matter.

I said, "I'm not going to."

I went straight to the Daubens. She was on her feet in the stall. She threw her head up and I caught it under my arm. She knew.

Jess and Jim and the Daubens and I. And the Derby winner a few years from now—the Daubens' first colt.



A clean engine gives improved performance and complete protection at all speeds & temperatures.

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with



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DOUBLE CROSS!

DAVE SANDS

IN his undershirt, his shoes off, a wet cigar in his mouth, fat Lennie Adams was reading the evening paper when a knock sounded at the front door.

He lowered the paper, took the cigar from his mouth, and yelled, "Hassel! Someone's at the door!"

Then he roused the paper again and stuck the cigar back in his mouth.

Hassel, his wife, was in the kitchen at the kitchen-table. She tossed a loose strand of hair from her forehead, crossed the kitchen palely with the day's wash, went through the dining room and the living room. She was a thin woman, her shoulders stooped, her face worn, yet placed the moved warily, as if she were dodging.

The knock came again before she reached the door. Lennie coughed. "The crapper's here, answer the door!" he said.

Woodenly, she opened the door. In the dim light of the hall she failed at first to recognize the man who stood there.

"Mrs. Adams?" the man asked. Blinked her, Lennie, still in his chair, said hesitantly. "Well, who is it?"



The little man said nervously, "It's me, Mr. York. From across the hall."

He was short, with gray hair and a weathered blue suit, and he held in his arms a package about the size of a suitcase, wrapped in brown paper.

Hassel recognized him then. "It's Mr. York. From across the hall."

"What does he want?"

Mr. York stepped in. "I was wondering . . ." he said. "That is, I'd like you to do me a favor."

"Why, sure," said Hassel. "We're neighbors, aren't we?"

York behind the package in his arms. "It's this. This box, I got to get it to a friend of mine."

Hassel said, "Yes?"

"I'll please him," Mr. York explained, "and he's going to call for it. But now I've got to go out. I was wondering, could I leave it here for him?"

"Why, sure," Hassel said.



He stepped on the body and shoved it through the door, into the fire.

"It's not heavy," said Mr. York. "He'll pick it up in about an hour."

Hassel took the package from him. It was amazingly light. "Glad so, Mr. York. We're neighbors, aren't we?" She put it on the shelf in the guest closet.

"His name's Kimberley," Mr. York went on. "It's very important that the right man get it. He's a tall fellow with a scar on his face."

Hassel said, "Don't you worry about it, Mr. York."

"I sure appreciate it." The little man moved back to the doorway. "I sure do. I'd 'a given it to him myself but I just learned I've got to go out. I'm mighty thankful."

"Don't mention it," said Hassel.

Mr. York and abruptly, "Don't open it." Then he turned and moved rapidly down the front steps of the apartment building.

"He's got a nerve!" Lennie said. "Don't open it!"

Hassel closed the door and moved back toward the kitchen.

"We're neighbors, aren't we?" Lennie asked. "Back?"

Flushing, Hassel hesitated, then went on.

"How many times has he been up here while I'm at work?" Lennie asked.

Still she did not answer.

Lennie said, "Don't think you're putting anything over on me! I wasn't born yesterday!"

With a real finger, Hazel tested the heat of the legs. She lifted it in her right hand, looked speedily at Lenzie, then put it down again.

"Bab!" said Lennie "I wasn't born yesterday!"

He went back to the paper, pulled out the race results and then the headlines, "Six Injured in Bus Crash," Government Debates Tax," Board's Got £15,000 from Amcorrd Co."

Hazel looked quickly and politely.

Perhaps five minutes passed. Then Lennie said suddenly, "What was the score of that race?"

"What race?" Hazel asked.

"The one who's going to pick up the package, stupid!"

"Kamberton, or something like that?"

"A tall man with a scar on his face, wasn't it?"

Hazel carefully spread a large, unmarked white shirt over the back of a kitchen chair. "I guess so."

"That's the guy?" and Lennie "Give us shooting that's the guy! Look!"

He moved the newspaper carefully in the air, then smoothed it out and read from it: "Witnesses described one of the bandits as a tall man with a scar on his face and the other as being short and grey-haired and dressed in a dark business suit."

That's York and that Kamberton, sure as shooting!"

"What did they do?" asked Hazel.

"They knocked off an armored car for £1,000 quid." Lennie stopped suddenly. He showed his pained face and looked out of the chair and walked to the closet.

Hazel said, "There's lots of tall men and short men."

"Twenty-five thousand quid?" said Lennie covertly. "I wonder—"

"You leave that package alone!" Hazel yelled at him, her voice suddenly shrill.

At that instant there was another knock at the door. This time it was a loud peremptory knock.

Not one man, but two, walked into the apartment, but, burly men in dark coats, serious faces, grim. They stood just inside the door, the bigger one entering on his heels and coolly looking around.

The cop said, "This here is Detective O'Hourke. My name's McKenna. Habbey Squad." He walked into the room and plopped into the chair Lennie had been snooping. O'Hourke stayed by the door.

Hazel had left her dressing apron and entered the living room. "What's the trouble, Officer?" she asked.

McKenna smiled at her. "Don't get worried, lady. It's not you people. We want to find out about one of your neighbors."

Lennie said, "I know it! That—"

"That what?"

"That man across the hall! I know he was a crook!"

"What else do you know about him?" McKenna asked quietly.

"Nothing," said Lennie. "I've seen him around, that's all."

"What makes you think he's a crook?"

Lennie chose his words carefully. "I just didn't like his looks. His eyes were shifty. You can tell."

"Is that so?" asked McKenna. "Is that so?"

Lennie shrunk.

"This fellow we're interested in is a little man, grey hair, wears dark suits. Goes by the name of York. That the one?"

"That's him," said Lennie.

"Thought," said Hazel, "he—"

Again Lennie cut her off. "Thought we heard him going out, about seven o'clock."

"Lady," McKenna said, "are you trying to tell us something?"

Hazel could feel Lennie's big watery eyes directed at her; she could sense the menace in his stare.

"No," she said. "Nothing."

"Did he ever have any calls?"



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shirt, and a hat that came down well over his forehead.

Nevertheless she said, "Yes? Who are you? What do you want?"

Unafraid, he entered, and he said, "My name's Kimberley. I came for my package."

"What package?"

"Don't hand me that stuff!" said the man. "Where is it? Quick!"

Lennie came out of the bedroom. He, too, had a jacket on over his undershirt.

"You the fellow Mr. York left that package for?" he asked.

"You've damn right. And I want it now!" Kimberley's hand was in his jacket pocket.

Lennie said, "You Mr. Kimberley?"

"The Kimberley, all right, and I want that package without no more stalling!"

"Okay," said Lennie. "It's in the basement storeroom." He stepped past both of them suddenly and walked out the door into the hallway. "Come on. I'll get it for you."

Kimberley hesitated momentarily, undecided. Then he followed, and both men disappeared down the stairs. Then Lennie came back alone.

"Come on," he said. "We got work to do."

Still she couldn't budge.

"Come on!" he said. "Or I'll give it to you now!"

Mechanically, almost without a will of her own, she walked out the front door and into the hall and down to the basement.

Down there it was empty and damp and dark. When Lennie switched on the light she cowered near him and glanced wildly about. At first she didn't see it—and then she realized that the flash of shadow brooded near the coal bin, shapely and inhuman and still, was the body of a man.

Lennie said, "I told him it was in the coal-bin and when he went in I shut him in the back of the head!"

He chuckled. "I'll get that ape in the furnace and there won't even be any blood left!"

She shuddered and Lennie peered slowly at her. "You keep your mouth shut, hear me?"

She didn't answer. And then Lennie said, "Wait here. I'll bring the car around in back."

She followed him to the door and waited there, alone in the basement with a dead man, as far from the body as she could get, afraid to turn around and look at him. Once she thought she heard him rase, and her knees wobbled in fright and perspiration broke out on her forehead although the wind was bitter and penetrating.

At last she heard the car, and Lennie came through the door. He went past her to the body and picked it up under the shoulder.

"Take the feet," he ordered.

She didn't move.

"Come on!"

"I can't, Lennie," she said. "I can't."

He let the body slump to the floor and walked over to her and slipped her hand, as he said, "Take the feet!"

In a nightmare of jerky, stumbling action she picked up the feet of the murdered man and, her face averted, helped as they carried him out the door. They piled the body onto the rear seat of the car and Lennie put the precious package on top of it and covered them both with a blanket.

"Get in!" he said.

Numbly she climbed into the front seat beside the man who had been her husband not so long before. This man she feared now as much as she hated him the day before. They drove without speaking because they had nothing to say to each other, these two. The body on the floorboards behind them said it all.

Halfway there he flicked on the car radio. Lennie made no effort to trust

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AT BOOKSTALLS AND
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the dead. The music was heavy and false; the comments of the announcer never went more superficial.

They came to the large expense of vacant ground in the centre of which the monument loomed ghostly and skeletal, an enormous structure still only half finished, steel girders here and naked, and a tall, slender chimney reaching up into the night. A building where tremendous fires burned, day and night, in tremendous furnace-fires kept alive to destroy the leverage of a big city. Yarn that could set up a human body in a twinkling of smoke and flame.

"The back boiler room," Lenzie said. "Nobody's there at night."

They were halfway down the lonely winding lane that led to the back boiler room when the late police's voice on their radio was interrupted.

"We have just received a bulletin from our news room," an announcer said. "Police Commissioner Peters has announced that Duke Yankowski, one of the two suspected armed-robbers, has been captured at Municipal Airport as he tried to leave the city. He is now being questioned at Police Headquarters."

Ahead, Lenzie said, "They can't get me now! I'm in the clear!" This wife had heard not a word.

He parked almost at the base of the gigantic shaft, and he opened a tiny door with a key from his pocket. Unconsciously he dropped the key as the door opened. He watched its headlight.

At the street it slowed and its lights swung in so and it headed back toward her.

She scrambled further down the embankment and hurried the ground, as close as she could hug it. The car roared down the road, up to her, twenty feet past her, and then it stopped. Lenzie climbed out and walked to the edge of the embankment, peering over.

"Hurt?" he called. "Hurt? Don't be scared! I won't hurt you! I was only fooling!"

The cold face of the dead man.

"There," he said finally. He picked the body up and showed it through the fire door. The flames crackled and hissed and leaped higher, a bright blue and the body seemed to shivel, and then Head could look at it no longer.

She looked instead into Lenzie's face, confronted with hatred and contempt, at his dry eyes staring hard and meaningfully at her. She swayed and did as he lunged at her.

She ran as she hadn't run since she was a little girl, desperately, frantically. For a way he chased her and she could hear his feet pounding on the roadway and his breath as he panted against his ponderous weight. Then the parking stopped, the foot-steps died down—and a shot rang out.

He had fired at her.

Still she ran, heading for the lights of the house perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead of her, run until her lungs were sharp with pain and her heart was leaping.

Suddenly her shadow was in front of her. An engine roared behind her. He was in the car, trying to run her down.

Practically she leaped for the ditch and tumbled down a slight embankment. The car swept by her, flaring gravel after it. On to the end of the lane, where it met the paved street, the auto went as she watched its headlights.

At the street it slowed and its lights swung in so and it headed back toward her.

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"Hurt?" he called. "Hurt? Don't be scared! I won't hurt you! I was only fooling!"

She must have fainted, for she had no memory of him leaving as the car driving off. She knew only that she closed her eyes and prayed and after a while she opened them and he was gone. She lay there for a long time.

Finally, though, she struggled to her feet and walked down the roadway, dully, not knowing into what she was headed.

At last she reached the safety of the paved street and the friendly reduction of light from the houses there. She stumbled on, and at the first corner she came to a little restaurant, dingy and dirty, but still a haven. She opened the door and staggered in.

"Call the police!" she said.

She was told, she thought. Safe. Free. Or was she? Would she ever be free of fear and danger, as long as Lenzie lived? Would he come back for her, the light of murder in his eyes?

"You stay now, miss" the countessman asked.

She nodded weakly.

"Here, drink this." He held the coffee up to her lips and she gulped it. It burned her tongue and her throat, but it shocked cream and comprehension back into her brain.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "The police . . ."

"We called 'em."

The radio was next to her head and suddenly, in a terrible, violent hum, it dived its way into her consciousness.

" . . . a desperately clever robbery to which Yankowski confessed."

"Quiet!" she said.

" . . . and it ended, Commissioner Peters said, in the typical double-cross of the underworld. Kerton, according to the commissioner, tipped the police off to Yankowski's hideout. In turn, Yankowski managed to get away with the crime loot, which he was carrying in a valise when he was arrested. And he sent death to his double-cross partner in a wire."

"He made a bomb and put it in a package so wrapped that, as soon as it it opened, it will explode. He told Kerton his share of the robbery was in the package and he left it where Kerton would pick it up. Police are searching . . ."

In the distance a dull, hollow roar sounded, the doors and windows of the diner rattled furiously.

"What was that?" the countessman asked.

She smiled. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing. It's all right."

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Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL:** She's Ann Gerdness, Hollywood's most naturally beautiful, well-so they whisper—most intelligent—star. One-time wife of Mickey Rooney, Ann learned what she could from this period of her young life, but wasn't left standing when the separation came. Ann was on the way up. Now she swims among the film city's first five female stars and though Howard Hull swears a tooth for her, Ann still says "No!" to anything but her career. Her current picture at M.G.M.'s "The Rehearsal" in which she stars with Robert Taylor.

● **NIGHT-SPOTTING** with Sonny Lee. And who better could show us the ropes, you think. Well, personally, we have our suspicions. Sonny, we think, has dreams (in the two hours sleep he maintains is all that he can stretch) that the great public has dreams on the colored business. Having got him story into print he should be able to relax for after reading it, we'll stick to publishing.

● **GLOVES OFF** — figuratively speaking at least. In this issue Bill Delany gives us glimpses of some of the best fighters with their hair down so to speak. According to Bill there are fighters who are too kind for their own good, and there are those who have been too mean for anyone else's. Still, who better to teach than the winners? You may find some useful

hints in "Tricks of the Fighting Trade."

● **FANTASTIC!** Jack Pearson uses the word himself in describing the tragic fate of the "General Grant" in his fact story "Covers of Death" which opens on page 26. The scarring thing about this sea drama was the perfect calm of the sea on the day that tragedy suddenly leaped out of the depths and a chief officer rowed off into stardust.

● **WONDER DRUG:** Perhaps it will cure this Pyrene-phobia that they tell us threatens to cripple Queensland, but then again perhaps it won't, since, wonder though it is it won't cure everything. Polypyrin which is described by Merville Hilton in the article "A Pill to End the Plague," should, if it comes up to medical expectations, make us even more confident of disease-free living.

● **FICTION:** From the pen of Gerald Kroyden-Brown, "Slave to Duty," a psychological study of an sea detective who has declared war on all murderers and finds the stiffest bottle of his career when the murderer turns up closer than he expected. W. G. Delany has a human racing narrative in the story—"The Duchess was a Lady"—and for a tidy yarn about robbery and murder that gets folded away without tears, read "Double-Cross" by Dave Smith, page 50.



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